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The Mansion of Mystery

BY CHESTER K. STEELE

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CHAPTER XIX.

dam Adams Makes a New Move.

t was not until an hour later that dam Adams left Martha Sampson's ttage. He had gained from Ray-ond all the information he could d also the names and addresses of f a dozen people he thought to in-view. He spent what was left of e forenoon in the town, calling at e bank, and on a lawyer and one of e merchants, and about three o'clock the afternoon made his way once ore to the vicinity of the Langmore ansion. Here, to his surprise, he ran o Charles Vapp.

"Is your man around here?" he ked, as the pair met in the shadow some bushes.

"Yes, went into the house five min-es ago."

"Have you learned anything un-ual?"

"Not much. He has been around ranging his business affairs and he et Miss Bernard and the two had a nfidential talk, but I couldn't get ose enough to hear what was said. fter that he came out to Sidham and ere met a man named Matlock yles."

"Go on."

"The two had a long talk, and Ostrel-seemed to be angry about some-ing. Then this Styles seemed to reaten Ostrello and the young man emed to lose all his nerve and wilt. never saw a fellow change so. 'You n't do it!' I heard him say and yles answered: 'I can and I will, you try to interfere with my busi-ss.' Then they talked in a low tone d Styles went off in a buggy, say-g he was going home. Ostrello lked up the street and down again, if he didn't know what to do. At st he hired a rig and came out here. e went into the house and I was just ing to change my disguise and take look around when you came up."

"I see. Well, Vapp, if he meets this tyles again you do your level best to ear what is said."

"I did it before, but they kept in a rner of a building and I couldn't et near without attracting their at-ntion. I tried it once but both of hem gave me such a suspicious look had to move on."

"That's all?"

"He sent three letters and a tele-ram. The telegram was to the firm e works for, something about an rder for quinine pills—I heard it licked off at the telegraph office."

"Well, you can stay here and I'll go nto the house. If he comes out you ollow him," said Adam Adams.

The detective found the mansion in harge of the policeman and Mrs. orse. Both looked at him question-ngly as he entered.

"Nothing to be touched," said the oliceman. "Them's orders from head-uarters."

"Is anybody here?"

Mrs. Morse and myself, that's all."

No visitors at all?"

"No, sir."

"That's queer. Haven't seen any-thing of Mrs. Langdon's son today?"

The policeman shook his head. "You haven't seen him, have you?" he ask-d of the woman.

"No, and I don't want to see him," she answered tartly. "I don't want anybody to bother me," and she look-d directly at the detective.

"I shan't bother you," was the quick reply. "But as I am working on be-half of Miss Langmore, and as this was her father's house and the one in which she lived, I think I shall take a look around," he went on, in a slightly stiffer voice.

"But orders——" began the police-man.

"You may go around with me, so that you can be sure I do not touch anything."

"Well, I dunno—" began the blue-coat.

His speech was cut short by the banging of a rear door, as the wind caught it. Mrs. Morse gave a cry.

"What was that? I didn't leave any door open!"

She ran to the rear of the mansion and the policeman followed. Adam Adams stepped to the front door and then out on the lawn. He was in time to see a man leap a side fence and start down the road. A moment later Charles Vapp was following the disappearing individual. The detective stepped into the house again.

"Well, that's mighty queer," muttered the policeman, as he came back.

"It is queer," answered Adam Adams, eying him sternly. "You had better explain it if you want to keep out of trouble."

"Explain what," came from Mrs. Morse.

"You just told me that nobody was in the house."

"Well?"

"A man just left by the back door and ran away. Either you knew he was here or else you are not taking proper care of these premises."

"Why, sir——" began the woman, but then her eyes dropped before the steady gaze of the detective. "I—that is——"

"Who was that man? Come, answer me truthfully, or I shall report this, and let me say, my word will carry great weight."

"Oh, well, if you must know, it was Mr. Ostrello, Mrs. Langmore's son. He wanted—er—some books he left here some time ago. I don't know why he left in such a huryr. Perhaps because he didn't wish to meet you."

"Then you admit you lied to me, do you?"

At this the woman broke down completely and began to cry. "I didn't want to do any wrong, sir. He said he wanted to get the books and he didn't want every Tom, Dick and Harry to know he was here—those are his own words. He's a very nice gentleman, and so—so—I said what I did."

"You let him go through the house?"

"He had that right. It was his mother's home, wasn't it?"

"Yet you didn't want me to go through."

"A relative is different."

"Nevertheless, I think I'll take a look around, now he has gone," returned Adam Adams.

To this the woman felt she could no longer object and the policeman merely shrugged his shoulders. From the pair the detective learned that the safe had been opened by an expert in the presence of the coroner and chief of police, who had then had the combination set to suit themselves.

A tour of the mansion brought nothing new to light and Adam Adams left by the back way and walked down to the brook. Then he leaped the stream and took a narrow path leading through the woods beyond. Deep in the woods he paused, to make several changes in his appearance, putting on a light wig and blue goggles and also an old-fashioned collar and necktie. Then he rubbed a little brown powder on his hands and face, rendering his complexion several shades darker than ordinary.

From a map of the county he had studied the surrounding roads thoroughly, and soon came out on a highway leading to Matlock Styles' residence. He was more than ever interested in the Englishman and wondered what John Watkins, Tom Ostrello and Styles might have in common.

In the distance he presently beheld a house he knew must be the Styles place. There was a turn in the road and instead of going up to the house by the front way the detective leaped a fence and passed through a wheatfield. Beyond this, and quite close to the house and the outbuildings, was a field planted with corn, between the rows of which were pumpkins and squashes.

He had hoped to gain the vicinity of the residence without being observed, as it was now growing darker, but he was not yet half way through the cornfield when the deep baying of a mastiff burst upon his ear, coming nearer and nearer.

"Hullo! this is something I didn't bargain for," he muttered. He did not wish to shoot a valuable dog and at the same time he did not intend to run the risk of being bitten and perhaps torn to pieces.

He halted and drew his pistol, and a second later the dog burst into view. He was a full-blooded mastiff and a magnificent creature in every way. He came to a halt and showed his teeth, and presently his mate also appeared.

"Back there!" cried the detective. "Back, I say!" But the dogs only came closer, baying loudly and eying him in anything but a friendly fashion.

"Hi, there, Nelson!" came a voice from the other side of the cornfield. "Hi, Queen, what's the matter?"

"Call off your dogs, unless you want me to shoot them!" exclaimed Adam Adams.

"Blast you, don't you shoot my dogs," was the answer, and in a moment more Matlock Styles put in an appearance. He carried a dog-whip and motioned the animal away. "Back, Nelson, you bloody brute! Back, Queen!" And both animals slunk to his rear.

"Thanks! I am glad you came," said Adam Adams, and slipped his pistol back into his pocket.

"Are you?" sneered the Englishman. "If you had killed one of those dogs you would have gotten into a mess, I can warrant. They are worth a hundred pounds—five hundred dollars—each."

"Great smoke! I'm glad I didn't touch 'em, sir. I couldn't pay for one leg," and the detective grinned.

"What are you doing in this field?"

"I thought I'd take a short cut to the Knoxbury road. It's getting late and I want to get back to the tavern there."

"The Knoxbury road? Why, man, you're a good three miles out of your bloomin' way. The Knoxbury road isn't this way—it's over there," and Matlock Styles pointed with his whip.

"Is that so? Then I'm twisted. Too bad! I'm so dog tired I can't walk much further either."

"Been taking a constitutional?"

"That and I walked over to look at the place where that double murder took place. Awful crime that, eh? Made me shiver just to look at the house. I suppose you've heard about it?"

"Yes, everybody knows about it around here."

"They say the man's daughter did it."

"If she did they ought to string her up for it," growled Matlock Styles. "Such a blasted, coldlblooded crime as that was. Was you to the inquest?"

"No."

"Our coroner got her to rights. He's a sharp one."

While the two were talking they were walking towards the house, which was a pretentious affair but closed upon on one side. They halted near a side porch.

"If I am three or four miles from the Knoxbury road I'd like to get something to eat and rest a bit before I start out again," said the detective. "Could you supply me with a bite? I'm willing to pay whatever's fair."

"I fancy so," answered the Englishman, after a slight hesitation, during which he eyed Adam Adams keenly. "Polly!" he called, and an old woman with a wrinkled face and a tangle of gray hair appeared, holding a cup in one hand and a towel in the other.

"What are ye wantin' now, Mat?" she croaked.

"Here's a gentleman has lost his way. He wants a bite to eat before he starts again. Fix him up some sandwiches and some milk, and whatever else you have handy that's good. Where is Paul?"

"Gone to town."

"And Fred?"

"Gone to see the Garrison girl."

The woman disappeared from view, and a moment later Matlock Styles and Adam Adams entered the dining room of the abode.

CHAPTER XX.

A Queer Turn of Affairs.

The detective felt that he was on delicate as well as dangerous ground. Nothing had been said to arouse his suspicions, but he could feel by instinct that the Englishman was growing distrustful of him.

"Take off your coat, it's bloomin' warm in here," said Matlock Styles, as he proceeded to shed his outer garment.

"Thanks, but I'd just as soon keep my coat on," was the answer. "I am used to it. Fine farm you have here."

"Pretty fair."

"Raise much grain?"

"Only for the stock. I deal mostly in horses and in fancy dogs."

"I used to own a fancy dog myself," said Adam Adams smoothly and mentioned the fine points. The Englishman seemed to warm up to this subject and spoke of the many dogs he had, and of the prices some had brought him. In the midst of the conversation a lunch was brought in and the detective sat down to eat. Then with great care Adam Adams brought the talk around once more to the Langmore tragedy. But Matlock Styles at once grew cold.

"The girl did it," he reaffirmed. "They have her cornered. It won't be possible for her to clear herself, even with the best lawyers in the country."

"Do they suspect anybody else?"

"I think not. By the way, did you say you were at the house?"

"Oh, I walked around the place, that's all. I saw a policeman on guard there."

'Anybody else?"

"No."

"Did you come across the stream?" asked the Englishman quickly.

Continued on Page 3

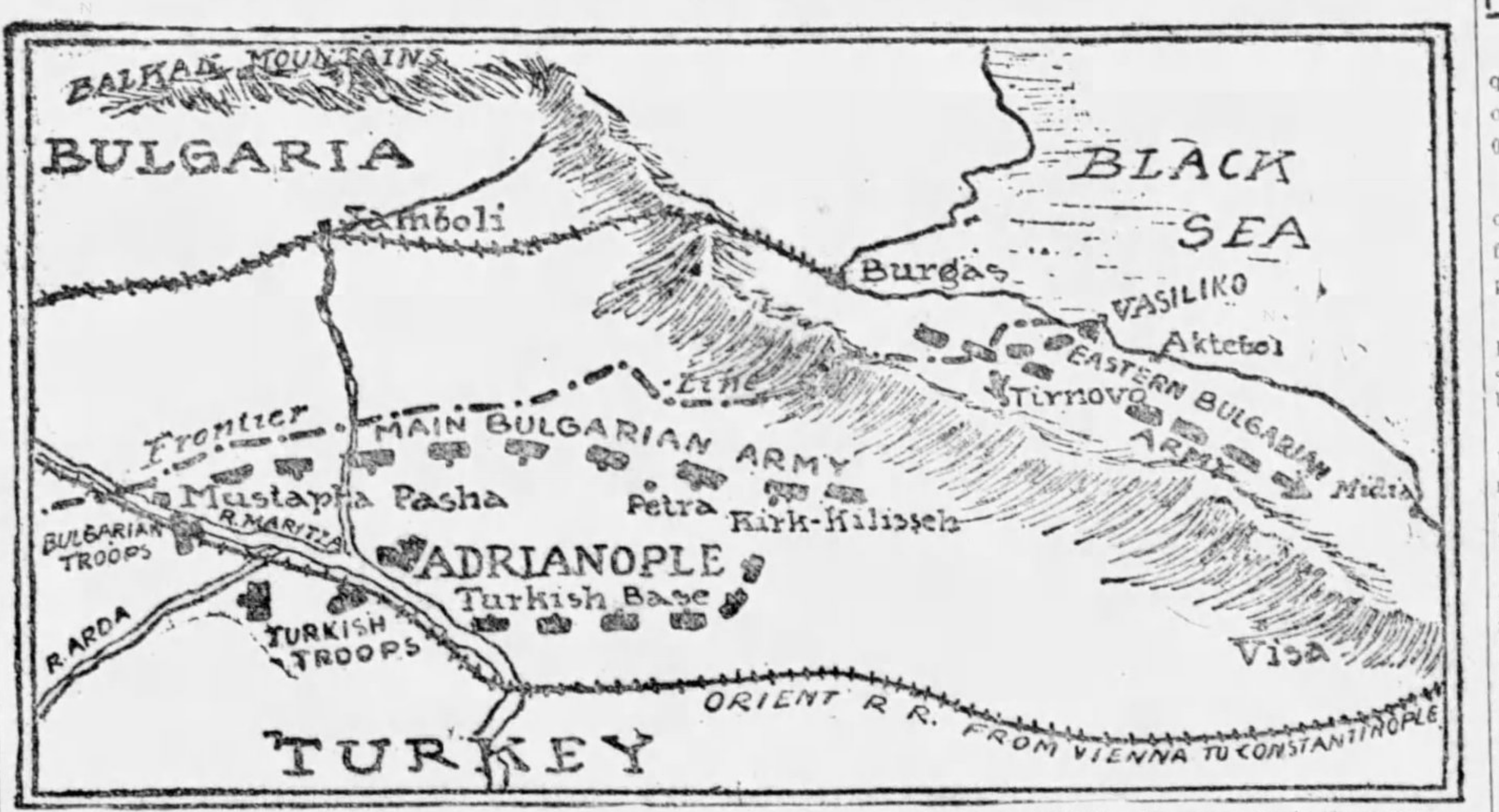
Crown Prince's Hurts Start Many Rumors

European capitals have been talking much about the illness of Russia's young crown prince. Last week the London Mail's Paris correspondent reported that Czar Nicholas' boy was the victim of an anarchistic plot while he was on board the imperial yacht Standart, and that the commander of the yacht committed suicide because he considered himself responsible for the occurrence. Another story had the youngster stabbed in the groin by a Nihilist, while he was in the imperial gardens, the attack being the culmination of an oath of vengeance registered at the birth of the heir to the Russian throne.

When one rumor gets to chasing another rumor around the world there is no hope of getting the facts until the truth starts in pursuit, and truth is a slow traveler. Happily later reports gave assurances of the recovery of the crown prince, who is a very nice looking boy and has the pleasing characteristics that go to make him very much like other boys. It is not his fault that he is a crown prince. But little Alexis was hurt. The facts are that about 15 days ago he climbed to a high cupboard in the hunting lodge where the imperial family was sojourning—other boys having done the same thing when searching for the jam. He fell, striking a sharp corner of a chair and sustaining numerous bruises. A rigid censorship kept the story secret until the physicians began to issue bulletins. Then a flock of rumors spread their wings and flew in all directions.

THE CZAREVITCH

Principal Scenes of Action in Balkan War Drama



ADRIANOPLE is the principal fortified city of European Turkey. As indicated by the above map, it has been the center of action in the Balkan war during the past week. Dispatches of Saturday said that portions of the town had been set on fire by the Bulgarian artillery; that Bulgarian troops had taken the outlying forts of Maras, Havaras and Sufilar, to the north and northeast of the city; also that a railroad station in the outskirts of the town had been captured. Heavy losses were suffered on both sides, but no material changes in the positions of the two armies took place as a result of the fighting.

Turks have always relied on Adrianople to prevent a hostile army from approaching Constantinople. The town has a place on the war map of history. It was once a city of splendor. In 1305 the Bulgarians sent a strong army against it and won a victory. It was a stronghold of Christianity until 1361, and often offered its hospitality to the crusaders, especially those from Germany. In that year, however, the Moslem Turks took the city, and it was the chief city of their empire until 1453, when they captured Constantinople and made their capital there.

The Russians have occupied Adrianople twice, the first time in 1829, when they forced Turkey to sign a treaty giving independence to Greece. Again in 1878 the Russians took the town.

The modern Adrianople is a scattered, uncared for city, which has lost all of its former splendor, although some forty mosques are fine examples of architecture. Its people number about 80,000, half Turks, the rest Armenians, Israelites and Greeks, except for a handful of Catholics and Protestants.

The fortifications are strong. They are composed of forty modern forts in a semicircle running round the northern part from east to west, with minor forts between. The south is the weakest spot, being guarded practically only by the river, but there are treacherous marshes on that side.

TURKS SUFFER MANY DEFEATS

Bulgarians, Servians, Montenegrins and Greeks, if war dispatches are to be accepted as reliable, are giving a good account of themselves in the war they are waging against the Turk. Bound together in a common cause—the prostration of the sultan's power—the allied armies are forcing their ancient enemy to turn his back to the wall and fight. Events of the past few days, summarized, show that Turkey has suffered many defeats, and has lost ground.

The Bulgarian and Greek armies have carried out successfully their part of the first stage of the war waged by the Balkan states by the capture of Kirk-Kiliesseh and the Turkish base in the town of Servia. Their allies, Montenegro and Servia, have worked desperately to do their share by overcoming the Turkish hosts at Scutari and Kumanura, which later is the key to Uskup.

Battle at Kirk-Kilisseh.

The Turkish garrison at Kirk-Kilisseh is reported to have been defended by 52,000 men. These, with all the heavy artillery, have fallen into the hands of the enemy. The battle lasted from 3 o'clock in the morning until 11. One report states that 15,000 Turks were killed and more than 20,000 taken prisoners. The Bulgarians expected the fortress to hold out longer, and its fall within a week of the opening of hostilities they consider a great achievement. It gave the victors confidence in their ability to cut the communications between Adrianople and Constantinople, and to take the former city, a most difficult task, in the opinion of military experts. The forts of Adrianople are thoroughly up to date, and are connected by an underground motor railway line.

Even after the fortress was overcome by the fire of the Bulgarian artillery, fierce fighting took place in the streets of the town, into which the Bulgarians effected their entry from the lower part. One report says the battle was waged from street to street; every foot of the ground being stubbornly contested.

The Turks, on their part, declare that the evacuation of Kirk-Kilisseh was a "stategical retirement," a phase which became familiar during the Russian retreat in Manchuria. They have a big army at Adrianople and along the line to Constantinople.

Montenegrins Take Koprik.

The Montenegrin army under General Martinovitch has occupied Koprik, near Tarakosch, from which position its artillery can be trained on the forts of the Turkish city of Scutari. The Turkish troops were the first to take the offensive in a desperate battle which ended in the fall of the town of Kumanova into the hands of the Servian troops and opened up the way for their further advance on the stronghold of Uskup.

The ground over which the Servian troops had to advance was open and the infantrymen were exposed to a sweeping fire. Nevertheless they stormed the Turkish trenches repeatedly, until finally, at the point of the bayonet, they drove out the Ottoman troops.

It took the Servians four hours to clear the valley, but it was then found necessary, before occupying Kumanova, to take the heights on the right bank of the river, to which the Turkish troops had retired in disorder. At one period during the fighting the Servian artillery is said to have annihilated three squadrons of Turkish cavalry, and the Turkish losses are said to have numbered 5,000 killed and wounded, while 12 of their field guns were captured. The Servian casualties also were heavy. They lost many officers, including two regimental commanders and several battalion commanders.

Active After Victory.

Following their victory at Kirk-Kilisseh, the Bulgarians began perfecting their lines of investment around Adrianople, taking positions to the north, northwest and southwest of the city, also strengthening their lines to the northwest. The fire in the city is supposel to have been cause from shells thrown into the town.

At the same time the Bulgarian eastern army began moving to the southwest, along the Bosporus road toward Sunarhissar. One brigade is reported to have reached the city of Visa, whence it might threaten the Turkish second line of defense at Lule Burvas and also the communications between Adrianople and Constantinople.

Not Ready for Intervention.

The Turkish council of ministers has discussed the question of possible intervention of the powers and has decided, so it is said, not to entertain any such proposal at present.

The appointment of Hussein Himli, hitherto minister of justice, to the post of Turkish ambassador to Austria-Hungaria is taken as indicating that the porte is making an effort to induce Austria to adopt a more active policy in the Balkan situation, especially when the moment of its solution arrives. In other words, Turkey is believed to be trying to secure the support of Austria-Hungary.

The Turkish press urges the ministry not to consider any proposal of intervention. One Constantinople paper says the existing situation is unfavorable to Turkey and the diplomats should wait until the Ottoman army has taken the offensive before discussing the matter.

To Detect Speed.

An automatic speed-detecting device for automobiles which would seem to be worth the attention of municipalities that are determined to suppress speeding is thus described: Three lights are to be provided on each car—white, green and red. At a speed of 8 miles an hour the white light will show; at 15 miles, the green; at 20 miles, the red; and at more than 20 miles an hour all the lights will flash a warning that the speed law is being violated.

Angler Hooks a Gold Watch.

London Standard.

One of the competitors in the annual ladies' deep sea angling contest held at Deal recently hooked up a lady's gold watch. Some of the anglers recall the fact that a lady competing in the corresponding event two years ago lost the watch over the pier.

The Collapse of Diaz

Less than two weeks ago young Felix Diax, nephew of the former president, sprung up in a spectacular way and gained possession of Vera Cruz, Mexico's chief seaport. Now the bottom has fallen out of his revolutionary movement. The collapse came unexpectedly to those who have been reading rumors of his exploits. Apparently he had a large portion of the region surrounding Vera Cruz on his side, and it has been but a short time since it was rumored that he was marching on the capital. Then came the news that Diaz and his staff had been captured. Trial by courtmartial and conviction followed quickly. As this is being written the young revolutionist is pleading for the lives of his associates, holding that those who were with him are blameless, while strong influences were being brought to bear to save Diaz himself from execution.

The Diaz revolt and its sudden collapse is but another evidence that strange things are constantly happening in the unfortunate country south of us. Meanwhile Uncle Don Porfirio Diaz, he who kept a tight rein over Mexico for many years before it took the bit between its teeth and ran away, is sojourning in Switzerland, whose climate agrees with him, both physically and mentally.

Young Felix does not appear to be made of the same stern stuff as the old man. Anyway, his capture before he had gotten fairly started on the rampage, and the reoccupation of Vera Cruz is a triumph for President Madero.

Horses for Tropics.

In making selection of horses for service in the tropics the color line should be drawn, according to reports made by Col. Woodruff, surgeon in the United States army. At Manila the only horses to survive after a few years are gray, white, light yellow or roan. In 1903 100 mules were taken to the Philippines for the use of the constabulary. After seven years there were four survivors, all with black skins and snow white hair.

FIGHTING FOR A NEW TREATY

History is repeating itself in the Balkans. The valleys and mountain passes through which the allied forces—Bulgerians, Servians, Montenegrins and Greeks—are marching and fighting are the beaten paths of other armies that struggled for supremacy. But why are they fighting now? Because countless thousands of soldiers of other wars died in vain. The allied Balkan states want to smash the Treaty of Berlin. Turn back the pages of history, through 35 dead years, when the Czar of Russia proclaimed to the Bulgarians his purpose to vindicate the rights of the persecuted Christians in the Turkish provinces, and you find one of the underlying causes of the present conflict—the Turco-Russian war of 1877-8.

The war maps of that struggle of long ago would serve in locating the cities and strategic points conspicuous in the present region of hostilities. Grand Duke Nicholas, now Czar of Russia, led one of the first movements against the Turks. It is not essential to the purpose of this article to follow the various stubborn engagements that resulted in the final complete prostration of the Turkish power. It was in January, 1878, that Adrianople, the center of interest of the past week, fell into the hands of the Russians, after the defenders of the city had blown up the powder magazine and fled. A few days later the last shot of that war was fired, and on January 31 the commissioners of the Sultan signed an armistice preliminary to peace.

The conditions of the settlement were briefly: That Bulgaria should be erected into an independent principality; that Montenegro, Rumania and Servia should become independent; that the Turkish government in Bosnia and Herzegovina should be reformed; that Viddin, Rustchuk and Silistria should be surrendered; that many Turkish fortresses should be evacuated, and that a war indemnity should be paid to Russia. In February the Turkish and Russian ambassadors assembled at San Stefano. There a treaty was signed on the basis outlined. And then the world thought the Ottoman power was about to be crushed. Alas! the Turk is a trouble maker still. The great powers of Europe appeared on the scene, and it was determined that the settlement imposed by the Czar on the Sultan should be reviewed by a congress of the powers, to be held in the city of Berlin.

By the treaty of San Stefano almost all the Christian population of the Peninsula were relieved of the Turkish yoke. All that was retained under Turkish rule was the Adrianople region, a strip along the nothern coast of the Egean and Mohammedan Albania. Epirus as well as Thessaly were given to Greece. The greater Bulgaria created by the treaty was regarded as virtually a Russian protectorate. It shut off Austria forever from Salonika, and it foreshadowed the possession of Constantinople. Austria-Hungary prepared for war, and Disraeli, the British prime minister, sent the British fleet to the Bosporus and transported Indian regiments to Malta. Then Bismarck, to avert war, convened the congress at Berlin and acted as its president.

Great Britain, France, Italy, Austria, Germany, Russia and Turkey participated, the Balkan principalities being represented. The congress re-wrote the treaty of San Stefano. It took Epirus from Greece; it restored Macedonia and Monastir to the Turk; it divided Bulgaria and Eastern Rumelia; it authorized the Austrian occupation of Bosnia-Herzegovina and the garrisoning of the Sanjak of Novibazar; it guaranteed the independence of Rumania, Servia and Montenegro. Furthermore, the congress imposed upon Turkey the duty of introducing certain reforms in the European vilayets remaining to her.

These reforms never have been carried out. For nearly 35 years the state of the Christian populations has been much as it was before the treaty of Berlin. This constitutes the complaint for which the Balkans have gone to war, and it is probable that the treaty will have to be re-written before permanent quiet is restored.

Short Ends of News

Fifty-five thousand cars will be required to carry California's 1912 orange and lemon crop, worth $58,000,000.

Tanners now say that not enough cattle are raised to supply leather for needs. The meaning is higher prices for shoes.

A 71-year-old banker of Manchester, Ill., Fletcher V. Clark, eloped to Jerseyville, Ill., with Mrs. Ida F. Autrebus, a widow of 30 years.

Engineers say the new railroad bridge over the Des Moines river, near Madrid, Iowa, will be the largest and highest on the American continent.

In an attempt to reform drunkards, the Baltimore courts have installed mirrors in the courtrooms in order that the inebriates can see themselves as others see them.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was 54 years of age last Saturday. His manner of celebrating the occasion was to take a walk in the warm October sunshine.

Neglect of agriculture caused by political conditions in Venezuela is the reason for over 600 persons starving to death during the last season from lack of food and privation.

The last but one of the straw ballots taken by the New York Herald and other newspapers shows Wilson still leading in the presidential race, with Roosevelt second.

There has been discovered in Johannesburg, South Africa, a Bantu tribesman, 35 years old, with 46 wives, thus making himself eligible to the polygamy championship of the British empire.

Several prominent Japanese women of Tokio took luncheon with Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, president of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance, and discussed problems of women's work.

"Playing hookey" from school is the first step in the road to destruction, according to the official findings of the Kansas attorney general. He will ask the legislature for more stringent laws.

This is a strenuous week for the three big political parties struggling for supremacy. Probably the greatest confidence is being shown by the Democrats, as a result of the split in the old Republican party.

A Danish composer has returned from Greenland with 150 original pieces of music which he obtained from natives by using a megaphone. He says the music sense of the natives is highly developed.

The governors of seven states have approved President Taft's plan for co-operative banks for the American farmers at interest rates equal to these paid by capital and it is up to the states to take up the plan.

The spiral air glide caused another death when Aviator Louis Mitchell, president of the American Aviators, fell to the ground from the height of 200 feet, after his biplane had gone to pieces while trying the glide.

Many persons prominent in the theatrical and literary world joined in celebrating with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt at London "the sweetest day of her life," the 67th anniversary of her birth. She was born October 23, 1845.

An entire family was wiped out when the automobile of Albert F. Haller, in which Mr. Haller, his wife and two children were riding, collided with an Indianapolis street car. They formerly lived at Morristown, Ohio.

Rev. S. L. Roberts, of Indiana, made the sensational statement before the Ohio Baptists' convention at Columbus that only 35 per cent of the rural churches in America are forging ahead, 55 per cent going backward and 10 per cent standing still.

Adolph Melzer, retired soap manufacturer, has given to Evansville, Ind., a certificate of deposit for $1,000, which is to be placed in a bank to draw compound interest for 250 years. At the expiration of that time it will amount to $19,956,400.

Mayor Bading, of Milwaukee, refused to grant the women's branch of the progressive movement privilege to sell Bull Moose badges on the streets. His excuse was that the motive was a political one, and he didn't want to establish a precedent.

Captain N. H. Kingman, of Selby, South Dakota, says there are about 200 survivors of the battle of Gettysburg, Union and Confederates, in his state. He is preparing a roster for use in connection with the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle.

Rivaling the heroic act of Rugh, the Gary newsboy, is the case of 28 of the men friends of Miss Mary Byrne, of Hawkeye, Ia., who gave 800 square inches of skin to graft on to Miss Byrne's body in order that she might live after being burned in a gasoline explosion.

Fifty prominent authors who gave their services free to the Progressive party, will go from New York to Chicago this week and take part in a parade and political meetings. The pilot of the locomotive behind which they are to ride, will be adorned by a huge bull moose.

France has resolved to suppress the advertising signboard, or at least to make it a heavy financial burden to its owner. Henceforth every such signboard which is more than a certain distance from groups of houses will pay from 50 francs ($10) to 400 francs ($80) for each square meter.

After Dr. Gore, pastor of the Lutheran church of Camden, N. J., had married a man and women he ushered the newly weds out of his home and proceeded to open the envelope the groom had given him as a wedding fee. It contained nothing but a few strips of tinfoil.

Frank Chance, idol of the Chicago baseball public, retires as manager of the Cubs, of the National League. He has been with the team 15 years, 7 of which he was manager. During that time he has made and saved more than $100,000. He was recently deposed and he goes to his California orange farm—"Cub Ranch," he calls it.

THE CARPET FROM BAGDAD.

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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"I want you to go with me to my house at once," began George.

"Please explain."

George disliked the voice even more than the man himself. "Everything will be explained there," he replied.

"This is very unusual," the banker complained.

"You will find it so. Come." George moved toward the hall, the revolver in his coat pocket.

"But I insist . . ."

"Mr. Wadsworth, everything will be fully explained to you the moment you enter my house. More I shall not tell you. You are at liberty to return home."

"It concerns the bank?" The voice had something human in it now; a note of affection.

Arthur Wadsworth loved the bank as a man loves his sweetheart, but more explicitly, as a miser loves the hoard hidden in the stocking. He loved every corner of the building. He worshiped the glass-covered marbles over which the gold passed and repassed. He adored the sight of the bent backs of the bookkeepers, the individual-account clerks, the little cages of the paying and receiving tellers, always so beautifullly littered with little scraps of paper, packets of bills, stacks of gold and silver; he loved the huge steel-vault, stored with bags of gold and bundles of notes, bonds and stocks. Money was his god. Summed up, he was a miser in all that contemptible word implies; stingy, frugal, cautious, suspicious, sly, cruel and relentless; he was in the concrete what his father had been in the abstract.

"It concerns the bank?" he repeated, torn by doubt.

George shrugged. "Let us be going."

"Will it be necessary to call in the police?"

"No."

"I suppose, then," said Wadsworth bitterly, wondering, too, over the strange animosity of this young man he did not know—"I suppose I must do just as you say?"

"Absolutely." George's teeth came together with a click.

The four of them passed out of the house, each singularly wrought with agitation. Fortune walked ahead with George. Neither spoke. They could bear the occasional protest from the banker into Mortimer's ear; but Mortimer did not open his lips. They came to the house, and then George whispered his final instructions to Wadsworth. The latter, when he understood what was taking place, became wild with rage and terror; and it was only because George threatened to warn the conspirators that he subsided.

"And," went on George, "if you do not obey, you can get out of it the best you know how. Now, silence, absolute silence."

He pressed back the grille gate and the others tiptoed after him.

Ryanne tipped the third bottle delicately. Not a drop was wasted. How the golden beads swarmed up to the brim to break into little essences of perfume! And this was good wine; 12 years in the bottle.

"It's like some dream, eh?"

Wallace smacked his lips loudly.

"Wallace," chided Ryanne, "you always drink like a sailor. You don't swallow champagne; you sip it like this."

Major Callahan swayed his glass back and forth under his nose. "Smells like a vineyard after a rain."

"There's poetry for you!" laughed the butler.

Mrs. Chedsoye alone seemed absorbed in other things. She was trying to discover what it was that gave this supreme moment so flat a taste. It was always so; it was the chase, the goal was nothing. It was the excitement of going toward, not arriving at, the destination. Was she, who considered herself so perfect, a freak after all, shallo like a hill-stream and as aimless in her endeavors? Had she possessed a real enthusiasm for anything? She looked back along the twisted avenue of years. Had anything really stirred her profoundly? From the bags of gold her glance strayed up and over to Ryanne. Love? Love a man so weak that he could not let be the bottle. She had a horror of drunkenness, the inane giggles, the attending nausea; she had been through it all. Had she loved him, or was it because he loved the child? Even this she could not tell. Inwardly she was opaque to her searchings. She stirred restlessly. She wanted to be out of this house, on the way. The gold, as gold, meant nothing. She had enough for her needs. What was it, then. Was she mad? What flung her here and about, without real purpose?

"We could have taken every dollar from the vault," said Wallace cheerfully.

"But we couldn't have made our getaway with it," observed the butler, holding his empty glass toward Ryanne, who was acting as master of ceremonies.

"A clear, unidentified million," mused Ryanne. "Into the cars with it; over to Jersey City; on to Philadelphia; but there for Europe; quietly transfer the gold to the various continental banks; and in six months, who could trace hair or hide of it?" Ryanne laughed.

"It's all right to laugh," said the major. "But are you sure about Jones? He could have arrived this afternoon."

"Impossible! He left Alexandria for Naples on a boat that stopped but thirty hours. With Fortune on his hands he could not possibly sail before the following week, and maybe not then. Sit tight. I know what I am talking about."

"He might cable."

"So he might. But if he had we'd have heard from him before now. I'm going to tell you a secret. My name is not Ryanne."

"We all know that," said the Major.

"It's Wadsworth. Does that tickle your mind, any?"

The men shook their heads. Mrs. Chedsoye did not move hers.

"Bah! Greatest joke of the hour. I'm Horace Wadsworth, and Arthur Wadsworth, president of the Merchant-Mechanic Bank, is my beloved brother!"

"Ay, damnable wretch!"

A shock ran through them all. In the doorway leading to the rear hall stood George, his revolvers leveled steadily. Peering white-faced over his shoulder was the man who had spoken, Arthur Wadsworth.

CHAPTER XXII.

The End of the Puzzle.

The elder brother tried to push past George, but old Mortimer caught him by the shoulders and dragged him back.

"Let me go!" he cried, his voice nasal and high. "Do you hear me? Let me go."

"Mr. Mortimer," said George, without turning his head or letting his eye waver, "keep him back. Thanks." George stepped over the threshold. "Now, gentlemen, I shall shoot the first man who makes a movement."

And Ryanne, who knew something about George, saw that he meant just what he said. "Steady, everyone," he said. "My friend George, here, can't shoot; but that kind of a man is deadliest with a pistol. I surrender."

The brother was struggling. "The telephone! The telephone! I demand to call the police. This is accessory to the fact! I tell you, let me go!"

"Mr. Wadsworth," replied George, "if you do not be still and let me run this affair, I'll throw the pistols to the floor, and your brother and his friends may do as they bally please. Now, step back and be quiet. Stop!" to Ryanne, whose hand was reaching out toward the table.

"Don't shoot, Percival; I want only a final glass of wine." Ryanne calmly took the slender stem of the glass between his fingers, lifted it and drank. He set it down empty. From his outside pocket he drew a handkerchief and delicately dried his lips. He alone of his confederates had life. It was because he alone understood. Prison wasn't staring them in the face just yet. "Well, Arthur, old top, how goes it? Nearly got your money-bags, didn't we? And we surely would have but for this delicious vintage."

"Damn you and your wine!" roared the major, shaking with rage. This adventure had been no joke to him, no craving for excitement. He wanted the gold, the gold. With what would have been his share he could have gambled at Monte Carlo and Ostend till the end of his days. For the first time he saw long, thick bars of iron running up and down a window. And all for a bottle of wine!

"Damn away, old sport!" Ryanne reached for the bottle and filled his glass again. "Percival, I'm blamed sorry about that olive-tree of yours." He waved his hand toward the bags. "You can see that my intentions in regard to refunding that hundred pounds were strictly honorable. Now, what's on the ticket?"

"I suppose your luggage is outside in the automobiles?"

"Right-O!"

"Well, I need not explain my reasons; you will understand them; but I am going to give you all two hours' time. Then I shall notify the police. You will have to take your chance after that time."

The circling faces brightened perceptibly. Two hours—that would carry them far into Jersey.

"Accepted with thanks," said Ryanne.

"I refuse to permit it!" yelled the brother. "Mr. Jones, you will rue this night's work. I shall see that the law looks into your actions. This is felony. I demand to be allowed to telephone."

"Percival, for heaven's sake, let him!" cried Ryanne wearily. "Let him shout; it will soften his voice. He will hurt nobody. The wires were cut hours ago."

Mortimer felt the tense muscles in his grasp relax. Arthur Wadsworth grew limp and reeled against the jamb of the door.

"You had better start at once," George advised. "You three first," with a nod toward Wallace (his bulbous nose now lavender in hue), the butler and the first-man. "Forward march, front door. Go on!"

"What about me?" asked Ryanne.

"In a moment." George could not but admire the man, rascal though he was. There was a pang of regret in his heart as the thought came and went swiftly; what a comrade this man would have made under different circumstances! Too late! "Halt!" he cried. The trio marching toward the door came to a stop, their heads turned inquiringly. "Here, Mr. Mortimer; take one of these guns and cover the Major. He's the one I doubt." Then George followed the others into the hall and ironically bade them Godspeed as he opened the door for them. They went out stupidly; the wine had dulled them. George immediately returned to the library.

Neither Fortune nor her mother had stirred in all this time. A quality of hypnotism held them in bondage. The mother could not lower her glance and the daughter would not. If there was a light of triumph in Fortune's eyes, it was unconsciously there. And no one will know the full bitterness that shone from the mother's. She could have screamed with fury; she could have rent her clothes, torn her skin, pulled her hair; and yet she sat there without physical sign of the tempest. This offers a serio-comic suggestion; but it was tragedy enough for the woman who was in the clutch of these emotional storms. It was not her predicament; it was not that she was guilty of a crime against society; it was not that she had failed. No. It was because she, in leaving this house for ever, was leaving her daughter behind, mistress of it.

On her side, Fortune knew, that, had there been a single gesture inviting pity, she must have flown to her mother's side. But there was no sign. Finally, Fortune stepped back, chilled. It was all too late.

"Fortune," said George, terribly embarrassed, "do you wish to speak to your mother, alone?"

"No." It was a little word, spoken in a little, hushed tone.

Mrs. Chedsoye rose and proceeded to put on her furs, which she had flung across the back of her chair.

"Mother!" This came in a gasp from the elder Wadsworth. An understanding of this strange proceeding began to filter through his mind. The young girl's mother!

Mrs. Chedsoye drew on her gloves slowly. She offered them to the Major to button. He flung the hands aside. He was not nice under the veneer. But Ryanne was instantly at her service. And curiously she watched his agile fingers at work over the buttons; they were perfectly steady. Then, followed by the Major and Ryanne, she walked easily toward the hall. Ryanne paused.

"Good night, Arthur. I'm sure you will not sleep well. That handsome safe is irreparably damaged. I dare say you will find a way to cover the loss without any injury to your own pocket. Old top, farewell! Who was it, Brutus or Caesar, who said: 'I go but to return?'" The banter left his face and voice swiftly. "You sneaking blackguard, you cheater of widows; yes, I shall come again; and then look to your sleek, santimonious neck! You chucked me down the road to hell, and the pity of it is, some day I must meet you there! Fortune, child," his voice becoming sad, "you might remember a poor beggar in your prayers tonight. Percival, a farewell to you. We shall never meet again. But when you stand upon that bally old rug there, you'll always see me, the fire, the tents, the camels and the desert, and the moon in the date-palms. By-by!"

And presently they were gone. A moment later those remaining could hear the chug-chug of the motors as they sped away. The banker was first to recover from the spell. He rushed for the hall, but George stopped him rudely.

"Two hours, if you please. I never break my word. Your money is all there. If you do not act reasonably, I'll throw you down and sit on you till the time is up. Sit down. I do not propose that my future wife shall appear in court as a witness against her mother. Do you understand me now?"

The banker signified that he did. He sat down, rather subdued. Then he got up nervously and inventoried the steal. He counted roughly a million. A million! He felt sick and weak. It would have wrecked the bank, wiped it out of existence. And saved by the merest, the most trifling chance! A bottle of wine! He resumed his chair and sat there wonderingly till the time limit expired.

The public never heard how nearly the Merchant-Mechanic had gone to the wall; nor how six policemen had worked till dawn carrying back the gold; nor that the banker had not even thanked them for their labor. The first impulse of the banker had been to send the story forth to the world, to harass and eventually capture his brother; but his foresight becoming normal, he realized that silence was best, even if his brother escaped. If the depositors heard that the bank had been entered and a million taken from the vaults, there would naturally follow a terrific run.

When the last bag had been taken out of the library and the banker and the police had gone, the bell rang. George went to the door. A messenger handed him a small satchel and a note. There was to be no reply. The note was from Ryanne. Briefly it stated that the satchel contained the emeralds. There had been some difficulty in forcing the Major to surrender them. But that was due to George for his generosity. Later in the day he—George—might inform his—Horace's—brother that the coupe hadn't been a total fizzle. They had already packed away in suit cases something like $200,000 in bills of all denominations. "Tell that dear brother of mine to charge it to our account. It will be less than the interest upon a million in ten years. To you, my boy, I add: Fortune favors the brave!"

"George," said Mortimer, "you will not mind if I forage round in the kitchen? A bottle of beer and a bit of cheese would go handy. It's almost my breakfast time."

"Bless your heart, help yourself!"

And George turned to Fortune.

"Ah," she cried, seizing his hands, "you will not think ill of me?"

"And for what?" astonished.

"For not speaking to my mother. Oh, I just couldn't; I just couldn't! When I thought of all the neglect, all the indifference, the loneliness, I couldn't! It was horribly unnatural and cruel!"

"I understanl, heart o' mine. Say no more about it." And he put his two hands against her cheeks and kissed her. "Never shall you be lonely again, for I am going to be all things to you. Poor heart! Just think that all that has passed has been only a bad dream, and that it's clear sunshiny morning, eh." He held her off a ways and then swept her into his arms as he had done on board the ship, roughly and masterly. "And there's that old rug! Talk about magic carpets! There never was one just like this. But for it I shouldn't even have known you. And, by Jove! when the minister comes this afternoon. . . ."

"This afternoon!"

"Exactly! When he comes, you and I are going to stand upon that beautiful, friendly old rug, and both of us are going to be whisked right away into Eden."

"Please!"

Silence.

"How brave you are!"

"I? Oh, pshaw!"

"Would you have shot one of them?"

"Girl, your Percival Algernon couldn't have hit the broad side of a barn." He laughed joyously.

"I knew it. And that is why I call you brave."

And when the pale gold of winter dawn filled the room, it found them, hand in hand, staring down at the old Yhiordes, the magic old Yhiordes from Bagdad.

THE END.

The next story on the program will be "The Third Degree," which will begin running next week. Look for the opening chapters.

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CUBANS HAVE A BATTLE

Conservatives and Liberals Fight Over Politics.

Havana, Oct. 25.—A brisk battle between Conservatives and Liberals, during which several hundred shots were fired and a number of people killed or wounded, broke out after midnight in Central Park, in the heart of the city, at the close of a meeting of supporters of Vice President Alfredo Zayas, who is a candidate for the presidency.

The meeting was conducted peacefully until the last speaker ascended the platform, when a number of shots were fired, apparently by a group of Conservatives gathered in front of a hotel. Instantly the crowd began to disperse and the fusillade became general, extending across the park and down the Prado. For ten minutes, the firing was very brisk.

Strong forces of mounted police and cavalry charged repeatedly with drawn machetes and firing revolvers. The mob returned the fire from the windows and porches of the houses.

A crowd of adherents of Zayas halted in front of the Asbert Club, firing volleys at the windows, the shots being returned from the balconies of the club by the supporters of General Asbert, the Conservative candidate for the governorship of Havana.

Here occurred the hottest fighting. Several policemen's horses were shot under them. A number of shots struck the American Club, opposite the Asbert Club.

Reinforcements of police, rural guards and soldiers arrived, and the mob, which was then composed of adherents of both parties, was driven from the park and gradually dispersed. Afterwards the park was occupied by a strong force of cavalry for the remainder of the night.

The number of the wounded, which includes two women, was about 40, of whom several were fatally hurt. The fronts of the hotels and cafes facing the park are riddled with bullet holes.

Copenhagen has a model fish market, built by the municipality. With the exception of the larger varieties, like cod and halibut, all the fish are kept alive in tanks filled with running water. There is no other town where all the fish, whether cheap or dear, are so beautifully fresh.

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The Farmstead

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers:

Will some reader of these columns of The Blade please tell me how to reset a small asparagus bed? Two years ago I set out some one-year-old plants and cut them several times during the past spring. But many of the sprouts are spindling and I would like to know what to do to produce thick sprouts.—H., Terra Alta, W. Va.

Crawfish get into my cistern, where they are a great nuisance. What can I do to get rid of them?—Simpson, W. Va.

I saw in an article on bee culture something mentioning the extracting of honey without breaking the comb. How is this done?—G., I. E. Elijah, Ohio.

Will some reader tell me what is the matter with my four-year-old mare and give a remedy? She has fistulous openings at the base of each ear from which a substance is discharged resembling liquid vaseline. This has been the case ever since she was foaled. Otherwise she is healthy. —J., Smithfield, Pa.

Cure for Mange.

I saw a question in the Farmstead several weeks ago for a cure for mange. I cured a very bad case of mange on a dog with sulphur and lard. Rub it on the sores and let the animal eat a little of it.—S., Lebanon, Mo.

For Worms in Dog.

I see that B., Mt. Auburn, Ill., wants a cure for worms which afflict his dog. Put some santonin the size of a grain of wheat in a capsule in the meat which you feed your dog. The druggist will tell you how often to give it as the drug is poison.—H., Walton, Nebr.

Warts on Cows' Teats.

A good treatment for warts on the teats of a cow is to grease the teats with castor oil for nine mornings. Wait several mornings and grease for nine more mornings. Then stop the applications and wait for a few weeks and the warts will soon disappear. I had a cow whose teats were covered with warts and a two-ounce bottle of the oil did away with them.—H., Laceyville, Pa.

New Storage Building at O. S. U.

A new implement storage building has been erected on the Ohio State University farm. It is a handsome two-story brick building, 50 by 150 feet, with a basement. On the main floor there is storage room for wagons and the largest farming implements, with a blacksmith shop and repair shop, while the basement will accomodate the manure spreaders and will provide room for a large root cellar. On the second floor the smaller tools and implements will be kept, and there is considerable space to be devoted to the storage of grains. The building is not complete as the appropriation made for it was not sufficient.

Filling the Silo.

The following method for filling silos is advised by the University of Missouri:

Corn is ready to be cut for silage when the corn is in the dent and glazed, but can still be broken with the thumb nail. At this stage under normal conditions the two or three bottom leaves will be turning brown and the shuck will be turning yellow at the end. There is greater danger in putting silage up too dry rather than too moist. In a stave silo the staves should be tightened up to exclude the air and generally loosened a little after the silage swells the staves. The inside wall of a concrete silo should be washed with a mixture of cement and water every two or three years. This fills the pores and keeps the air from the silage.

It will take at least six teams to keep the average silage cutter busy. Corn should not be cut down too far ahead or it will dry out too much. Two men should work in the silo distributing the silage with forks. Where a silage distributer is used one man is sufficient. They should keep the silage higher at the walls than at the center and should continually tramp the silage near the walls. The tramping is especially to keep out the air. When possible allow the machine to stand two or three days and refill to make use of all the capacity. Finish filling the silo by running in a load of grass or weeds. This will rot and seal the top and prevent having to throw out the same amount of spoiled silage.

The silage should feel wet after it is cut in the silo. If the corn is very mature when cut and is, therefore, too dry, add water. A small stream may run into the blower from a barrel or tank. The blower should be run a few minutes every morning to clear the atmosphere before any one enters the silo.

Boosting Alfalfa Culture.

Whether a man ever had any experience with alfalfa or not, he must be convinced by this time that it is a worthy plant to introduce the old farm to. Never does a farmer tell of his experiences with alfalfa that he does not wind up by singing loudly its praises when made into hay—provided he is onto the game sufficiently well to reach the hay stage.

Farmers in this action, however, have nothing on the Wisconsin farmers when it comes to enthusiasm over this remarkable plant. Twenty years ago, the plant was an entire stranger there but since that time, 25,00 0acres have been sown. To furnish an effective means of exalting this favorite plant, an association of select alfalfa growers and experimenters known as the Alfalfa Order of the Wisconsin Experiment Station Association has been formed. The object of this organization, of course, is to grow alfalfa and to disseminate knowledge regarding it. It is readily recognized that the right peculiarities of the plant are largely responsible for its not becoming more popular. When people understand how to make provision for these requirements, there will be little complaint made against it in regard to the difficulties usually encountered in growing.

The alfalfa growers of this section—and there are many of the most intelligent sort—might do well to emulate this plan of organizing for the purpose of boosting alfalfa culture in this state. The Alfalfa Order of Wisconsin keeps in close touch with their experiment station, in order to secure the information from the many experiments and tests the station is conducting for the benefit of all alfalfa growers in the state. At present the association has 500 members and 16 tons of seed have been purchased by them in the season of 1912.

To Kill Quack Grass.

Some experiments that have been conducted during the past two seasons by the Iowa experiment station show that quack grass can be completely and effectually eradicated by sowing sorghum. Infested tracts were put in good tilth and broadcasted rather thickly the latter part of May with sorghum. This made such a vigorous growth that it swamped and smothered the quack grass so that not a bit of it was in business when the sorghum was cut for feed in the fall. The advantage of this sorghum method is that there is no loss of a crop, the process that knocks out the grass giving a valuable and nutritious ration for the farm animals.

Planting Nut Trees.

Conditions found in the wood lot give sufficient direction and suggestion as to the proper method of treating the nuts of the forest trees which are desired for seed purposes next spring. As these nuts fall into the grass they settle gradually, and when the leaves fall a little later they are given a covering. The moisture which the nut absorbs from its usually damp surroundings, coupled with the winter frost, splits the shell, and the germs find easy exit when the warm weather of spring comes. The conditions mentioned can be reproduced, if one desires, by gathering the nuts, removing the husks and storing them in a box of moist sand and covering with earth lightly. While freezing is necessary, it is best to protect the box so that there will not be repeated thawing and freezing. In the spring the nuts should be planted the desired distance apart in the tract where the trees are expected to grow.

Watch Fruit Fly.

Acting secretary of agriculture, Willet M. Hays, has determined that an injurious insect that is new to the United States, known as the Mediterranean fruit fly, exists in Hawaii. Consequently, he has sent out an order to quarantine the island, to prevent the movement of any fruits, seeds or vegetables from that country into the United States until the insect is eliminated. The wisdom of this act is obvious and will doubtless be the means of saving this country from the ravages of another destructive foreigner.

Dairy Notes.

The dairy farmer sells less fertility from his soil and receives larger returns per acre of ground used in keeping the dairy than any other kind of a farmer.

The man who does the milking should be clean. By this is meant that he should be clean as well as his clothing. The hand who never takes a bath should not be tolerated in the cow lot any more than the hand whose clothes are covered with dirt, tobacco spit and other filth.

It takes a certain amount of protein to make a given amount of milk. If that amount of protein is not supplied in the feed it is not reasonable to suppose that one ton of fodder put into the shredder will produce two tons of shredded fodder.

Corn silage is valuable and efficient in carrying the breeding stock through the winter.

Those who have beef cattle to sell at present prices are fortunate. Why not keep all the grain and feed it to the animals, making a specialty of beef cattle? It will increase your profits and you will not be losing the fertility of your soil by selling your grain products on the market.

Before the winter is over the farmer who has recently put in a new silo will have a chance to learn of its merits and to thank himself on his good fortune in putting it in "in the nick of time." Feed will be high even though this year's crop was the largest in the history of our country.

Although it is easier to keep the milk free from the odors and troubles that usually worry the dairyman during the warm days in winter, it is by no means a sign that the war against filth and insanitary conditions should be allowed to relax. Keep up the struggle. It will help in next year's contest.

It is a poor policy to sell off all the good hay and be forced to feed the animals straw before the winter is over. Straw is all right in its place—the bed—and does very well in keeping the animals alive, but if you expect good returns from the creamery this winter, do not expect the animals to eat straw.

It is a good deal better to have the surplus hay stacked near the feeding barns than out in some field a mile or two from the buildings. The weather conditions may be such that you will be unable to haul it when most needed. Better take advantage of the good weather to get it up.

Farm Profits.

The man who follows custom wholly can never hope to produce better vegetables and fruits than those neighbors of his who are willing to get along on fair yields from their gardens.

Instead of waiting for the 10th of May for planting lima beans, they may be put in the ground as soon as the soil is warm enough; and if a cool wet spell should rot them, a second planting is no hardship. During the season just passed the writer planted limas on April 26 (in southern Pennsylvania), from which ripe beans were gathered on August 2. Those who delayed their planting until May did not begin to harvest the crop until about August 25. —A. Rutledge in the November Outing.

The Golden Acre.

The expense of growing an acre of potatoes may be estimated as follows, these figures being, of course, dependent on local conditions: Cost of the seed (14 bushels), $20; spraying and cultivating, $10; lifting and sorting, $5; incidentals, $5; the total expense would therefore be about $40. If the seed has been saved by the grower, that item of expense would be deducted. For fine early potatoes a grower can nearly always get $1.00 a bushel; so that from an acre, rightly planted and cultivated, a net return of $260 is possible. I say possible, for few men can make it; and the labor expended must be considered as one of the expenses.—A. Rutledge in the November Outing.

Culling the Runts.

There are sure to be a few runts in every poultry flock, no matter how hard the breeder may strive to guard against them. Usually these runts may be told from the time the little chicks are five weeks old. The manner in which they carry themselves when moving around shows that they can be nothing but runts when grown up. No matter how hard you try or how much feed you put into them, they will be nothing but runts. The feed and time taken to make their growth will be practically wasted, as the birds will never sell for one-tenth what it costs to raise them.

Usually the best way is to kill them as soon as they show pronounced symptoms of being runts. It may appear cruel, but it is better for the birds and certainly better for the grower. Removing them puts them out of their misery and insures that the other birds will be healthier. Runts invariably contract every disease which is prevalent and carry it to the healthier birds in the flock.

Care of the Farm Tools.

More farming implements are worn out by the sun and rain than by hard usage. It does not take long for a new disc or cultivator to begin to wear and look like an old one when exposed to the weather. No matter how well the manufacturer may have painted such a tool the rain and sun will soon cause it to peel off. As soon as the paint comes off decay is swift and sure. The life of a farm tool can be doubled if kept in the dry when not in use and repainted occasionally.

Oil the hoes, saws, scythes, etc., each time after they have been used. The best time to sharpen the tools is directly after using them; then they will be ready for use, any time. You remember the hard tugs that you had at the grindstone when you were a boy. Then fix it up so that the boys will have an easier time. Fasten a narrow box beneath the stone to contain water for the wheel to turn in and put some soft soap or axle grease on the spindle.

The cost of building an implement shed will be money well spent. No ornaments are needed about it, just a plain, substantial house with large doors so that any tool may be put into it. A long narrow box with small partitions and fastened on the wall is better than a deep chest for small tools, as any article can be picked out easily. Always have a bucket of paint and a can of oil handy for immediate use. When you get through with a plow, cultivator, harrow, anything, put it away in the shed and clean, oil, sharpen and paint if necessary.

Early Day Cleanliness.

In former times even high born ladies and gentlemen seem not to have troubled even to wash their hands with any frequency. Even the fair and witty Margaret of Navarre on one occasion avowed her neglect of elementary cleanliness in the frankest way. "Look at these lovely hands of mine," said she to one of her courtiers, "they have not been washed for eight days, yet I'll wager they outshine yours." In an old French manual of etiquette, "Loix de la Galanterie," published in 1640, the complete dandy is advised to "take trouble to wash his hands every day, and his face almost as often."

Glaciers Are Shrinking.

Harper's Weekly.

It appears that, save over a small area, the glaciers of the world are retreating to the mountains.

The Arapahoe Glacier in the Rockies has been melting at a rapid rate for several years. The glacier on Mount Sarmiento, in South America, which descended into the sea during the last centurp, is now separated from the shore by a vigorous growth of timber.

The Jacobshaven Glacier, in Greenland, has retreated four miles since the year 1860, and the East Glacier, in Spitzbergen, is more than a mile away from its old terminal moraine.

In Scandinavia the snow line is farther up the mountains, and the glaciers have withdrawn [illegible] feet from the lowlands in a century. In the Eastern Alps and one or two other small districts, the glaciers are growing.

Birds' Legs in Flight.

Harper's Weekly.

Most birds of prey habitually carry their legs behind in flight except when about to strike their quarry. Water-birds also fly with their legs extended behind, and pheasants, grouse, and other gallinaceous birds do the same thing as they are well under way. But the perching birds, such as English blackbirds, sparrows, robins and swallows, when in flight carry their legs drawn up in front.

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INCREASE IN WORLD CROP

The crop production report issued by the International Institute of Agriculture, Rome, Italy, is as follows:

Wheat—The preliminary statement of production in Algeria is 27,173,000 bushels. The total production in the countries named below is given as 3,257,000,000 bushels or 7.2 per cent more than they produced last year; Prusssia, Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, Spain, France, England, Ireland, Wales, Hungary, Italy, Luxemburg, Norway, Netherlands, Roumania, Russia, (73 governments); Switzerland, Canada, United States, India, Japan, Egypt, Tunis and Algeria.

Barley—The preliminay statement of production in France is 62,274,000 bushels. Algeria, 32,888,000. The total production in the countries named below is given as 1,279,000,000 bushels, or 5.2 per cent more than they produced last year: Prussia, Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, France, Spain, England, Ireland and Wales, Hungary, Italy, Luxemburg, Norway, Netherlands, Roumania, Russia (73 governments), Switzerland, Canada, United States, Japan, Egypt, Tunis, Algeria.

Oats—The preliminary statement of production in France is 375,613,000 bushels, Ireland, 62,482,000, Algeria 12,352,000. The total production in the countries named below is given as 4,084,000,000 bushels or 20.7 per cent more than they produced last year: Prussia, Belgium, Bulgaria, Denmark, France, England, Ireland, Wales, Hungary, Italy, Spain, Luxemburg, Norway, Netherlands, Roumania, Russia (73 governments); Switzerland, Canada, United States, Japan, Algeria and Tunis.

Corn—The preliminary statement of production in Roumania is 88,580,000 bushels, Canada 14,218,000, Egypt 69,804,000. The total production in the coutries named below is given as 3,620,000,000 bushels or 16.4 per cent more than they produced last year: Bulgaria, Roumania, Spain, Hungary, Italy, Russia (73 governments); Switzerland, United States, Canada, Egypt, Algeria and Tunis.

Rice—The production in Japan is estimated at 367,656,000 bushels.

Sugar Beets—The estimated production in tons of 2,000 pounds is: For Prussia, 14,430,000; Belgium, 2,006,000; Denmark, 886,000; Italy, 1,653,000; Sweden, 1,091,000.

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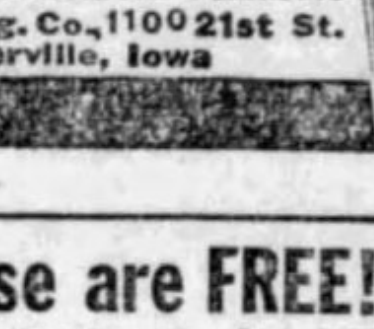

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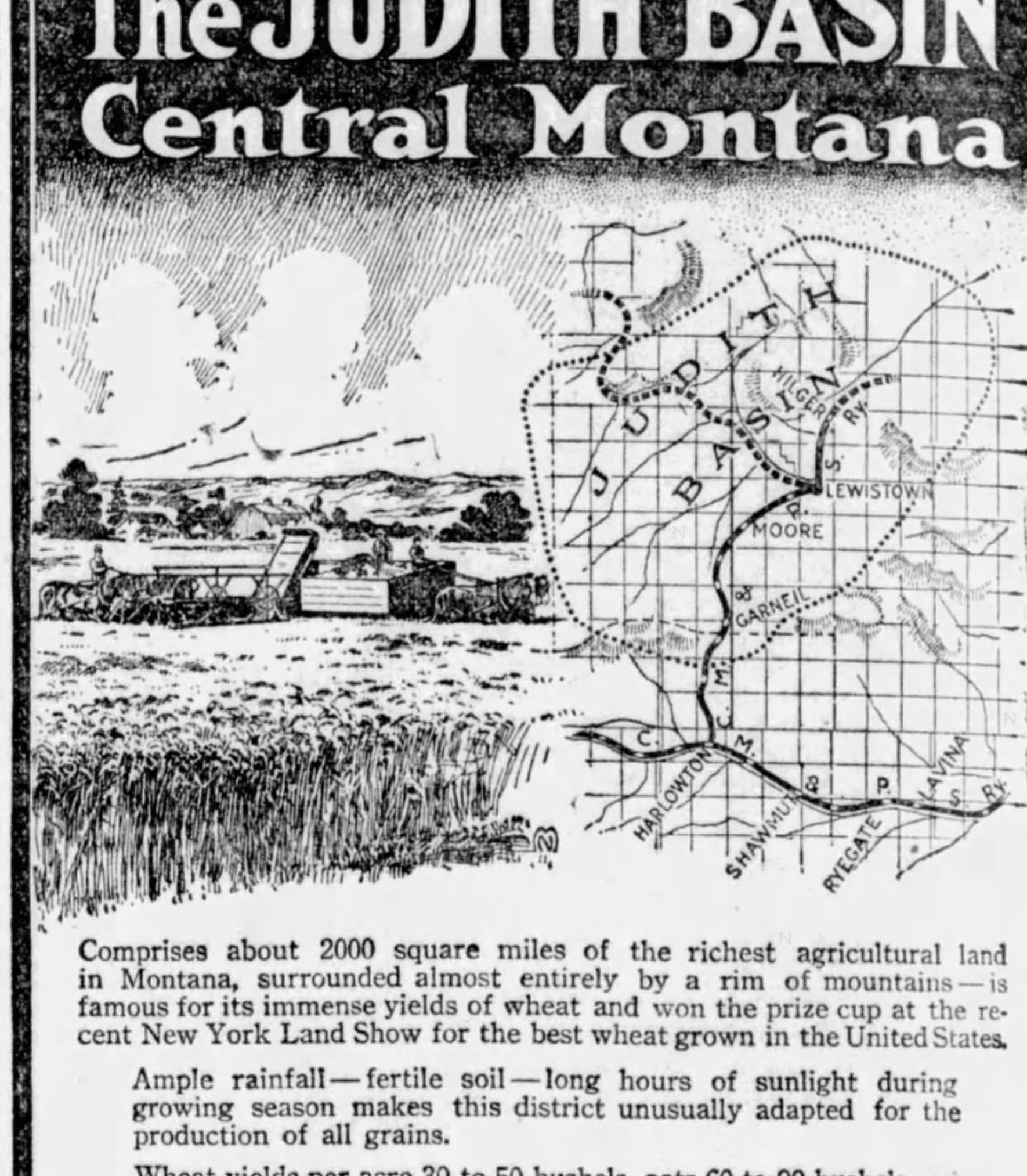

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Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

HENRY DRUMMOND

Please give a sketch of the life of Henry Drummond in the columns of the Bureau.—G. W. H., Sharpsville, Pa.

Henry Drummond, the Scottish geologist and religious writer, was born near Stirling, August 17, 1851, and died March 11, 1897. He received his education at the universities of Edinburgh and Tubingen, entered the ministry of the Free Church, and having devoted much attention to science, was in 1877 appointed lecturer on natural science in the Free Church college, Glasgow. In 1884 Drummond was made professor. His most remarkable work, the one that made him more widely known than any other, was "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." There have been many editions of this book as well as many translations. Drummond's object in writing that work was to show that such scientific theories and doctrines as those associated with Darwin and his followers were not incompatible with revealed religion. Drummond was also an author of many other works.

FALLS OF OHIO

Please tell me about the falls of the Ohio river and the canal around them.—I. M., Knox, Pa.

The falls of the Ohio river are caused by a ledge of Devonian rocks which were lifted from the bottom of the Silurian sea and left thousands of miles above their place of formation. In early geological times this wall of rock, in the form of an anticlinal axis, dammed up the water 25 feet and formed a lake a mile wide and several miles in length, above the dam, while the water below rushed down the other side of the axis at the rate of 12 miles an hour, until it was lost in a seething whirlpool below. When the river was low it was dangerous to attempt to propel a boat over these falls, but when it was high, on account of the narrowness of the stream below and its width in the lake above, the excess of water filled the narrower stream below to the level of the wider one above, and vessels passed over the falls as if they had never been there. In 1830 a canal two miles long was finished around the falls on the Kentucky side, and on the fifth day of December the steamboat Uncas passed through it. Since that time the canal has been enlarged and improved so as to meet the wants of the largest vessels and is always used in going over the falls in low water. When the river is high the boats go over the falls and do not use the canal.

ROCKEFELLER'S HOMES

Please give the locations of the different homes of John D. Rockefeller.—Mercer, Ohio.

John D. Rockefeller is accredited with having four different residences. They are situated as follows: Pocantico Hills, Tarrytown, N. Y.; Cleveland, Ohio; 4 W. 54th st., New York city, and Lakewood, New Jersey.

THE MARSEILLAISE

Will you tell something of the French hymn known as the Marseillaise?—J. M., Gordon, Neb.

The Marseillaise is the celebrated song of the French revolution, and became the national anthem of the French. It was composed by Joseph Rouget de Lisle while an officer of the engineer corps at Strasburg, early in the revolution, with a view of supplanting the vulgar songs then in use. The song and music were composed in one night. The first name given it was Chant de Guerre de l'Armee du Rhin. It received its present name soon after because it was first sung in public by volunteers from Marseilles, in July, 1792. It then became the national song of France, and was soon known throughout Europe and America. The tune is stirring. The song was suppressed under the first empire and the Bourbons, but the revolution of 1830 called it up anew, and after being suppressed under the second empire it is again the recognized national French anthem.

ORIGIN OF THE POTATO

Please tell about the origin of the cultivation of the potato.—D. A. M., Albia, Ia.

The potato is a plant cultivated in temperate climates for its tubers. It was in cultivation before the discovery of America, and was taken to Europe in the early part of the Sixteenth century. It was probably first taken from Peru to Spain. Sir Francis Drake is given credit for introducing the potato into England in 1586, though some claim that Sir Walter Raleigh took it to that country the year previous. The potato seems to have been regarded somewhat of a curiosity until the latter part of the Eighteenth century, although the Royal Society of London had recommended it in 1663 as a possible safeguard against famine among the Irish peasantry. In 1772, when there was a failure in the grain crops, the potato commenced to grow in popularity as a food plant, but only two varieties, one white and the other red, were listed.

LUTHER BURBANK

Will the Question Bureau please tell me something about the life of Luther Burbank.—C. R. E., Fleming, Pa.

Luther Burbank, the American naturalist, was born in Lancaster, Mass., March 7, 1849. His boyhood was passed on a farm, where he became devoted to nature study, especially plant life. In 1875 he moved to Santo Rosa, California, where he has since conducted Burbank's Experiment Farms. He is the originator of the Burbank potato; Gold, Wickson apple; October Purple, Chalco America and Climax plums; Giant and Fragrant callas; Giant, Splendor and Sugar prunes; Peach-blow, Burbank and Santa Rosa roses; and various new apples, peaches, nuts, fruits, flowers and vegetables. By a series of experiments he has succeeded in developing from the Lawton blackberry that curious anomaly a white blackberry, which he has named the Iceberg.

BLUE PRINTS

Please give a brief explanation of blue prints.—H. A. W., Auburn, Ind.

A blue print is a positive photographic print from a transparent negative on paper sensitized by potassium ferrocyanide and citric acid, giving white lines on blue grounds. The paper is exposed to the light during a certain interval beneath the subject to be reproduced on it and the print is finished by immersion in several changes of clean water, which dissolves from the paper that part of the ferroprussiate which has not been acted upon by the light, and brings out a fine blue color in place of the original dull gray or greenish color in those portions of the surface which have been affected.

JOSEPH G. CANNON

A short sketch of the life of Joseph G. Cannon will be appreciated by a reader.—G. W. B., West York, Ill.

Joseph G. Cannon, the American politician, was born in Guilford, North Carolina, May 7, 1836. His father, Dr. Horace C. Cannon, died when young Cannon was only 14 years old. He worked in a country store until he was 21, when he began to study law in the office of Usher & Pattison. He was admitted to the bar in 1858. Cannon moved from Indiana to Tuscola, Ill., where, in 1861, he was elected state attorney for the district. In 1873 he was elected a member of the 43d congress and has been a member of every congress since then with the exception of the 54th. He was a member of the committee on appropriations for 22 years and for 10 years was chairman of the same committee. In this position Mr. Cannon achieved his greatest fame. The responsibility of this position is great. The constant assaults on the treasury which come in the form of petitions, appeals, amendments and recommendations from various quarters must be made to the committee on appropriations in the house of representatives. There just expenditures must be sorted out from unjust. For years the chairman of this committee has been called the "watch dog of the treasury." Mr. Cannon has been prominent in the discussion of reforms of government, currency, tariff, internal improvements, shipping, increase of the navy, reorganization of the army and the Nicaragua canal. In 1903 he was elected speaker of the house of representatives. In 1862 he was married to Mary Reed, and has had two daughters, Helen A., and Mabel, wife of Ernest X. Leisure, of Danville.

A PRESIDENTIAL QUESTION

Please give the names of the presidents of this country since 1860 who were elected and who also received the largest popular vote. Name the presidents elected who did not receive the largest popular vote.—C. S. G., Bently, Mich.

The following presidents received the largest popular vote since 1860: Abraham Lincoln, both terms; Ulysses S. Grant, both terms; James A. Garfield; Grover Cleveland, both terms; William McKinley, both terms; Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft. Those who received the largest popular vote but did not get the election from the electoral college were Samuel J. Tilden, in 1876, who had a larger popular vote than Rutherford B. Hayes, who was elected. The other candidate who was strong with the popular vote but who was defeated in the electoral vote was Grover Cleveland, in 1888, the second time he run for president. Benjamin Harrison defeated him.

NICKNAMES OF THE STATES

Please give the nicknames of the states of the United States.—E. G. J., Whitwell, Tenn.

Here are the nicknames of the states, so far as we know them, also the nicknames of the people of the various states:

Alabama—Cotton—Lizards.
Arkansas—Bear—Toothpicks.
California—Golden—Gold Hunters.
Colorado—Centennial—Rovers.
Connecticut—Land of Steady Habits or Nutmeg—Wooden Nutmegs.
Delaware—Diamond or Blue Hen—Muskrats.
Florida — Peninsular — Fly-up-the-Creeks.
Georgia—Empire State of the South—Buzzards or Sandhillers.
Illinois—Prairie or Sucker—Suckers or Egyptians.
Indiana—Hoosier—Hoosiers.
Iowa—Hawkeye—Hawkeyes.
Kansas—Garden of the West—Jayhawkers.
Kentucky—Corncracker, Blue Grass or Dark and Bloody Ground—Corncrackers or Red Horses.
Louisiana—Creole or Pelican—Creoles.
Maine—Lumber or Pine Tree—Foxes.
Maryland—Old Line—Crawthumpers.
Massachusetts—Baked Beans, Bay State or Old Colony—Beans.
Michigan—Lake or Wolverine—Wolverines.
Minnesota—North Star or Gopher—Gophers.
Mississippi—Bayou—Tadpoles.
Missouri—Puke or Iron—Pukes.
Nebraska—Blackwater—Bugeaters.
Nevada—Silver or Sage Brush—Sage Hens.
New Hampshire—Granite or Switzerland of America—Granite Boys.
New Jersey—Garden—Clam Catchers, Jersey Blues or Foreigners and Spaniards.
New York—Empire and Excelsior—Knickerbockers.
North Carolina—Old North or Turpentine—Tuckoes or Tarheels.
Ohio—Buckeye—Buckeyes.
Oregon—Webfoot Country or Beaver—Hard Cases or Web Feet.
Pennsylvania—Keystone—Pennanites or Leatherheads.
Rhode Island—Little Rhody—Gunflints.
South Carolina—Palmetto—Weasels, Sandhillers or Rice Birds.
Tennessee —Volunteer — Butternuts, Whelps or Mudheads.
Texas—Lone Star—Beefheads.
Vermont — Green Mountain — Green Mountain Boys.
Virginia — Mother of Presidents, Mother of States, Old Dominion or Ancient Dominion—Beadles.
West Virginia—Switzerland of Americaca—Panhandleites.
Wisconsin—Badger—Badgers.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. E. H., Smith River, Cal.—The word Renaissance is pronounced with the first "e" given the short sound, like "e" in "men." The "ai" is sounded like "a" in "late." The last "a" is sounded like "a" in "car."

C. C. H., Covina, Cal.—Theodore Roosevelt's mother's maiden name was Martha Bulloch.

T. L. M., Harrisville, W. Va.—See a lawyer for the information in answer to your question.

A Thing Worth Knowing.

No need of cutting off a man's nose or cheek or a woman's breast in a vain attempt to cure cancer—no need of submitting to the knife or burning plaster. Frequently one injection in selected cases, of our Liquid Laboratory Product directly into the cancer instantly kills it. Write for free treatise and booklet to the Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE MANSION OF MYSTERY

Continued from First Page.

"Yes. I thought it was a short cut, but I got left."

"You came right from the brook to my place?"

"Well, not exactly. I got tangled up in the woods before I got on the path that brought me here."

"See anything strange around the Langmore house—any tracks or anything like that?"

"Why do you ask that? I thought you were sure Miss Langmore was guilty."

"So I am, but a fellow makes some bloomin' mistakes sometimes. I am not interested very much though," continued Matlock Styles, and gave a yawn.

"I saw nothing out of the ordinary. There were a good many footprints."

"Running this way?"

"Running every way, I thought. What kind of a man was this Barry Langmore?"

"A fairly good sort. He wanted everything that was coming to him, and so did his wife. She was a tartar and so was the girl. I shouldn't have wanted to live in the house with them."

At that moment another man appeared at the doorway.

"Hullo! got company?" he called out.

"Not exactly, Bart," answered Matlock Styles. "Excuse me for a moment," he continued, to the detective, and passed out of the room and to the kitchen with the newcomer.

He was gone for several minutes and during that time Adam Adams finished his lunch and took a good look at the rom he occupied. There was nothing unusual about the apartment and his survey was finished before the Englishman returned.

"Now I think I'll pay you and be on my way," said Adam Adams, rising. There seemed to be no excuse for his lingering longer. "How much do I owe you?"

"Not a blasted farthing."

"Then I am much obliged. Will you have a smoke?" and Adam Adams handed forth a couple of choice Havana cigars.

"I dont know as I care to smoke, Mr. —— You didn't give me your naome."

"Robert Dixon. And yours?"

"Matlock Styles. I dont care to smoke. Bart!"

At the call the other man came in from the kitchen. To his surprise Adam Adams saw that he carried a rope in one hand and a pistol in the other. He was followed by the mastiff Nelson.

"Don't you dare to stir, you bloody rascal!" went on Matlock Styles to the detective.

"Why, what's the matter now?" queried Adam Adams. The turn of affairs puzzled him not a little.

"You'll soon see what's the matter," said the man called Bart.

"I must say I don't understand you."

"Maybe you'll understand when you are a prisoner," put in Matlock Styles.

"A prisoner? What for?"

"You know well enough."

"I am entirely in the the dark. See here, is this a hold-up?"

"Yes, for we are going to hold you up, you bloody villain," said the Englishman, with a chuckle. "Don't dare resist, or it will be the worse for you," and he drew a pistol from his pocket.

"But what does it mean?"

"It means that I have found you out. You are the murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Langmore."

"What!"

For the instant Adam Adams was truly surprised. It was such a turn of affairs as he had not anticipated. He looked at Matlock Styles keenly. Could the Englishman really mean what he said! He certainly appeared sincere enough.

"You have made a great mistake, sir," said the detective. "I know nothing more of the murders than I have already related."

"I think differently, my fine fellow."

"What makes you imagine I am guilty?"

"Never mind that now."

"Why, I can prove an alibi."

"Then you'll have to prove it, and a bloody strong one too, before I let you go. I've seen you sneaking around before. That's a wig you are wearing. Bart, bind him, and do it bloomin' tight, too."

"I'll do it tight enough," answered the other man, pocketing his pistol. "Hold out your hands," he went on to the detective.

Adam Adams looked around to see if there was some means of escape. But he realized that between the two men and the somewhat savage mastiff he was squarely cornered.

"I suppose I'll have to submit," he said. "But let me tell you that you are making a big mistake and it will cost you dear if you make me submit to this indignity. I'll sue you for a good round sum."

At this Matlock Styles winced. Evidently he was one who did not like to have his pocketbook touched. But then he stiffened again.

"I am willing to run the risk. Go ahead, Bart."

Adam Adams was compelled to hold out his hands and to his astonishment, not to say chagrin, his arms and also his legs were tightly bound.

"Going to search him?" asked the fellow called Bart.

"Of course," answered Matlock Styles and went through the detective's pockets one after the other. Fortunately Adam Adams had but little with him outside of a roll of bankbills and the material for several disguises. Matlock Styles allowed him to keep his money, but placed the disguises on the table.

"That looks as if you were an honest man," said he with a sneer. "Honest men don't go around in this fashion. You're the man, beyond a bloody doubt, and I am going to hand you over to the police. Nelson!"

At the call the mastiff came up and looked inquiringly at his master.

"Sit down in that chair," continued the Englishman to Adam Adams, shoving him backward on a seat. "Now, Nelson, watch him. Watch him, old boy. Don't let him get up." And the dog growled in response.

The Englishman then motioned to the other man, and the pair went out together, closing the door after them. Listening, the detective heard a murmur of voices in the kitchen of the house and then all became quiet.

Adam Adams was angry, and that anger was directly entirely at himself. In the easiest possible manner he had allowed himself to be outwitted and exposed.

Could the Englishman be honest in what he said, or was he playing a deep game? That was a question which could not as yet be answered. If the fellow was honest he was most likely now getting ready to take his prisoner to the Sidham lockup. The absurdity of such a move compelled Adam Adams to smile bitterly.

To escape was out of the question. He could not slip from the cords which bound him, and at his slightest move the mastiff growled and showed an inclination to leap at his throat. So, the detective considered discretion the better part of valor and remained quiet.

It was fully an hour before Matlock Styles returned. He was alone and carried a lantern on his arm, for it was now dark outside.

"I can't take you to town tonight," he said. "I am going to keep you here until morning."

"You haven't any right to keep me at all."

"I'll risk that. I'll make you comfortable, don't you fear."

Adam Adams thought rapidly. Perhaps to remain a prisoner at the farmhouse would be better than to be taken to town. During the night he might get the opportunity to escape.

Matlock Styles untied the end of the rope which bound the detective's legs and ordered the prisoner to follow him.

"And don't try to run away, unless you want Nelson to make a meal of you," he added grimly.

"Where are you going to take me?"

"You'll soon see."

The Englishman led the way out of the farmhouse and past the barn and several other outbuildings. Then he took a path leading to the river and presently came to a halt in front of an old deserted mill. The building was dark and forbidding, and an owl, hooting in a nearby tree, added to the loneliness of the situation.

"I don't understand this," said the detective, as Matlock Styles came to a halt.

The Englishman did not answer. Instead, he set down his lantern and proceeded to bind the detective's legs once more. His manner was now rough and he acted as if he was somewhat desperate. He shoved open a door to the mill and peered around inside. Then he stepped back, put his lantern over his arm and caught Adam Adams up by the middle and threw the detective over his shoulder as if his prisoner were a log of wood.

There was no use arguing, and Adam Adams did not attempt it. Indeed, he was rather anxious to see what the fellow would do next. Matlock Styles entered the old mill and then descended a flight of stone steps. Below was a sort of cellar, damp and musty. Crossing the cellar, the Englishman opened an iron door in a brick wall and literally threw Adam Adams into the inky darkness beyond.

"Now stay there until I get ready to take you to pail," cried the man.

He banged the heavy iron door shut and bolted it. The next instant the detective heard him cross the cellar. He mounted the stairs, banged the door above; and all became quiet.

(To be Continued.)

WHERE WOMEN ARE SAFE

Hard Fighting Montenegrins Are Chivalrous Men.

London, Oct. 25.—Some interesting information about the Montenegrins is supplied by a traveler who is familiar with the little kingdom, and who recently returned to London. "Montenegro," he says, "is the only country in Europe where a wife may be regarded as a perambulating insurance policy." In explanation of this curious statement he says, in an interview published in The Daily Mirror:

"The Montenegrin is intensely chivalrous. The same remark applies to their Albanian kinsmen, and a woman's honor is safer in the hands of these reckless fighters than in almost any European capital. This respect for women is carried to such a pitch that, although the very work 'Turk' affects the native as does a red rag to an infuriated bull, yet a Turkish traveler, finding himself in the wilds of the Montenegrin mountains, would be absolutely safe if he were accompanied by his wife. A Montenegrin would sooner let his enemy slip out of his hands than run the risk of accidentally hurting a woman. This trait is so well known that travelers in that turbulent country, who have some definite idea of returning home alive, make certain of it by being accompanied by their wives.

"While the lives of women in Montenegro are undisturbed by fear of sudden death, it cannot be said that the women have a very good time. They are little better than beasts of burden without the relaxation of gossip, for, unlike the other Balkan peoples, the Montenegrins are very reserved. When there is no fighting, the Montenegrin sits in his village inn, drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes.

"The Montenegrin husband is absolue lord and master over his wife. By the custom of the people, a woman does not address her husband first, always waiting for him to speak. The arduous lot of the women has a decided effect upon their looks, and the Montenegrin women can hardly be regarded as beautiful."

Some further information about the life of the Montenegrins was given by Mme. Mitrovitch, who lived for some years in the country. She said:

"The most noticeable habit of the men is their laziness. They stroll and saunter about the streets, smoking and talking, while the women do the work. But the men are very fierce and warlike, and always wear in their belts pistols and daggers."

Rotterdam and Antwerp are close rivals for the position of second largest port in Europe, as far as tonnage is concerned, Hamburg being the first. From January 1 to August 1 the tonnage that arrived at Rotterdam amounted to 6,794,681, at Antwerp 6,855,677, and at Hamburg 7,939,193.

How to Completely Overcome TOBACCO HABIT

Attained at Last—A Successful Remedy.

Read These Testimonials. They are but a Few from Legions.

VICTORY IN 3 DAYS

DOES NOT CRAVE FOR TOBACCO. Mrs. C. J. Davis, 707 E. Fort Ave., Baltimore, writes: "I can truly say that my husband is like a new man and does not crave for tobacco; he has not used any since taking your treatment."

FEELS BETTER EVERY WAY. Mr. Wm. Seitz, Eldon, Iowa, writes: "I took your C Remedies and have been greatly benefited by it. I have no desire for chewing tobacco and feel better in every way. My food tastes better, I sleep better and your remedies have certainly done all that you claim for them. It was more than worth the money for I cannot express in words the good your remedies have done me."

COULD NOT QUIT SMOKING BEFORE. Mr. William Bearden, R.F.D. 4, Vilonia, Ark., writes: "For years I was addicted to smoking and knew I ought to quit, but I could not do it until I got your C Set of Remedies. Anyone that smokes, knows what the craving for tobacco is, but I have no desire at all."

THINKS REMEDY A WONDER. Mr. J. Le Babb, Ctr. Barnstead, N.H., writes: "Your Treatment for the tobacco habit is a wonder. In my case it has proven to be a complete success and I wish every tobacco-user would try it. It is good to feel that one does not care for the nasty stuff any more."

DOES NOT WANT HIS PIPE. Mr. D. S. Bishop, W. Peabody, Mass., writes: "On the day I began taking your C Treatment, I filled my pipe and tried to smoke. It did not taste good and I did not crave for the tobacco either. After supper, the second day, I tried it again, but after three puffs, I had no desire. On the third day I did not put the pipe in my mouth. I have no craving whatever for tobacco any more."

IS IN FINE, HEALTHY CONDITION. Mr. W. H. Achterberg, Converse, Tex., writes: "Since taking your C Remedy, I am feeling better than I ever have before. I am in a fine and healthy condition."

MONEY WELL SPENT. Mr. J. A. Perry, Miami, Florida, writes: "I did not write to you before, because I wished to see if the effects of your C Remedy were lasting. I am now proud to say the five dollars I paid for your Treatment were the best I ever spent. It is many months now since I took your Treatment, and I have no desire for tobacco. I have tried to chew, but it tasted worse than the first chew. I am better in every particular and weigh ten pounds more than before."

HE WAS A CIGARETTE FIEND. Mr. Fritz A. Garrett, Box 2, Zona, La., writes: "I have been smoking cigarettes for several years. I can realize now that I have done the right thing in taking your treatment as I had become a cigarette fiend, but I never think of using them at all now. My nerves are steadier and my complexion is better; it does not have that yellow tint any more."

HE SMOKED FOR 24 YEARS. Mr. P. J. Lapp, 1225 Stark Ave., Canton, O., writes: "I have used your C Treatment and am more than pleased with the results. I had used tobacco for about 24 years, in fact, I could not do without it, but I am now completely freed of the habit. I cannot say enough in praise of your Treatment and I certainly recommend it."

NEVER FELT BETTER IN HIS LIFE. Mr. Andrew Thrapp, Waldo, Kansas, writes: "After having waited a long time, I can now write you that I have been entirely freed from the tobacco habit. I have had the tobacco-habit for ten years and I can say that I never was so glad of anything in my life, as when I found out that I was freed of the accursed habit. I never felt better in all my life, than since I took your C Treatment, and I can cheerfully recommend it to anyone."

HE TRIED TO GIVE IT UP. Mr. Wm. M. Morrill, Antrim, N. H., writes: "I have taken your C Treatment with great success, for I have been freed entirely of the tobacco habit. I have been a user of tobacco for years and have tried again and again to give it up, but I would always have to go back to it again: will-power, etc., would fail to keep me away from tobacco, but when I commenced your Treatment, the appetite almost immediately left me."

SMOKED TWENTY CIGARS DAILY. Mr. B. F. Williams, McLain, Miss., writes: "I took your C Treatment for the tobacco-habit and haven't had any desire for tobacco in any form since. I believe I am permanently freed of the habit. I smoked all the time except when asleep often 20 cigars daily."

A LADY GIVES UP USING TOBACCO. Mrs. Emer Cariles, Ludington, La., writes: "Your C Treatment is just as you recommend it to be, for it has entirely freed me of the tobacco-habit. I cannot praise it high enough. I have been a constant user of tobacco for the last twenty-two years, it seemed I could not possibly do without it, but now, thanks to you, I haven't the least desire for it. My health also has improved wonderfully."

FEELS A THOUSAND TIMES BETTER. Mr. John Rubanus, Frazee, Minn., writes: "I wish to thank you for what your C Treatment has done for me. I am a man of strong will-power, but I never could overcome the craving I had for both chewing and smoking tobacco. Since taking your Treatment, I have lost all desire for tobacco in any form and feel a thousand times better in every way."

SNUFF RUINS HEALTH. Miss Harriet Martin, Marietta, Okla., writes: "I have used snuff for 25 years, but since taking your C Treatment, my snuff habit was overcome."

HEALTH IMPROVED WONDERFULLY. Mr. J. D. Hancock, 1808 Third St., Lynchburg, Va., writes: "I have taken your C Set of Remedies and can truthfully say that I am completely freed of the tobacco-habit. Since taking your treatment, I have not had the least craving for tobacco in any form. My health has improved wonderfully."

IT SAVED HIM MONEY. Mr. Otto Haldenwanger, Port Casey, Wash., writes: "I have taken your Treatment as per your directions and I am doing fine. I can say that I didn't feel as good as at present, for a long time. I am glad I took your Treatment for not only did it save me money but it improved my health & I am feeling entirely like a new person."

IT TOOK AWAY ALL DESIRE. Mr. N. S. Gregg, 604 N. Nat. Ave., Fort Scott, Kansas, writes: "Your C Treatment for the tobacco-habit has taken away from me all desire and craving for the vile weed. I can advise all who wish to quit the use of tobacco, to use your C Treatment; it is very reliable in its work."

USED TOBACCO SINCE 10 YEARS OLD. Mr. Fred M. Hunt, Calumet, Mass., writes: "I can truly say that I have given up the tobacco-habit for good and all. There has been a great change and although I have been using tobacco since I was 12 years of age, both in smoking and chewing, I experienced little trouble while taking your Remedies. The craving has gone and I am freed of the tobacco-habit."

WILL-POWER DID NOT HELP HIM. Mr. J. E. McCabe, 119 McKinley Ave., Freeport, Ill., writes: "Since I took your C Treatment for the tobacco-habit, I note a great improvement in both my mental and physical conditions. I cannot remember feeling better at any period in my life. I have smoked heavily for the past 10 years, but I have used my last cigar. Since I took your Treatment, I have not touched tobacco and never expect to again."

NOTED SCIENTIST'S ANALYSIS. Prof. Wentworth Lascelles-Scott, noted medico-chemical expert, certifies: "The preparations comprised in the Woods C Treatment, are well calculated to be effective in overcoming the tobacco habit. They are of great purity, excellent quality and free from injurious narcotics. The remedies contain genuine sodium chloride of gold."

ALL DESIRE OR CRAVING IS REMOVED FOR Pipe, Cigars, Chewing Tobacco, Cigarettes, Snuff.

I offer a genuine guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant, strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff. Tobacco is poisonous and seriously injures the health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas, belching, gnawing, or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach, constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, catarrh, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, melancholy, neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will-power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuritis, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, lassitude, lack of ambition, weakening and falling out of hair and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco and snuff habit by suddenly stopping—don't do it. The correct method is to eliminate the nicotine poison from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and gradually overcome the craving. You can quickly and easily quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling always in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 3 days Method. Inexpensive, reliable. Also Secret Method for conquering habit in another without his knowledge. Full particulars including my Book on Tobacco and Snuff Habit mailed in plain wrapper, free. Address

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Concrete Barges.

Barges of reinforced concrete on the Panama canal have been adopted because they cost less than steel and little more than timber. The ordinary flat bottomed type, with a rake at each end, is used, and the overall dimensions are 64 x 24 feet by 5 feet 6 7-16 inches in maximum depth. There are two longitudinal bulkheads, and lateral frames 10 feet apart strengthen the construction. Generally, the reinforcement is of one-half-inch mesh No. 12 wire cloth, attached to one-half-inch square corrugated bars, spaced nine inches longitudinally, and 12 inches transversely. On this is plastered inside and out, in the case of the shell, cement mortar 1.2, with 25 per cent of lime; the bulkheads, frames and deck are concreted with 1:2:4 material, placed in forms around reinforcement connected to the shell. Cracks developed before launching the first barge, but these were repaired and no further cracks have appeared. Timber fenders are provided.

The Bagpipe's Origin.

Westminster Gazette.

The introduction of M. Sazanoff to the highland bagpipe at Balmoral was, it is said, not the surprise the Highlanders expected it to be, the eminent statesman remarking that a similar instrument is used in the south of Russia. Of late musical antiquaries have been looking outside Scotland for the birthplace of the bagpipe, and Major F. W. von Herbert, a recognized authority on musical instruments, ancient and modern, has placed it somewhere in the vast territory once ruled by the Seljuks, the ancestors of the modern Turks. On the authority of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the principal of the R. A. M., the fiddle is Scotland's national instrument, and as a Scotsman he recently declined any responsibility for the invention of the bagpipe.

Substitute for Platinum.

The increase in the cost of platinum has forced the chemist to look for a cheaper substitute. E. Wedekind, in Berichte der Deutschen Chemischen Gesellschaft, points to the fact that the magnesia rods used by the manufacturers to support incandescent mantles may be used for many purposes in the laboratory where platinum wire is used and others where the latter can not be employed. These rods are made of a magnesia composition, having great resistance to heat, and have a length of 15 cm. (6 inches) and a width of 1mm. (0.04 inch). For these rods are fastened to a cork, which fits in a test tube. They can thus be kept for an indefinite period and are always ready for use. They are especially valuable for flame tests, borax and phosphate pearls, fusing, evaporating of volatile substances and other demonstration purposes.

French Language Popular.

Westminister Gazette.

The Mercure de France has been making some inquiries as to the respective popularity of the various languages in the schools of Europe, and it finds that French is still far ahead of all competitors. It says that in England German finds less and less favor, and that pupils who have any option in regard to a modern language always choose French. In France, however, since 1870, German has perhaps secured a preponderance over English in hte Lycees. In Germany the study of French has progressed to the detriment of English, but the government has intervened in order to develop the teaching of English, which it regards as of great importance in commercial matters. French is now taught in Italy more than ever before, but German is also gaining some ground, especially in the north. In Spain French has more pupils than any other foreign language, and English comes next.

Samos to Get Charter.

New York Sun.

Announcement that the foreign consuls of France, Great Britain and Russia at Samos have ordered the preparation of an organic charter for the little island seems to forecast the addition of one more principality to the list of the world's states. Famous chiefly for its wine and the uniform of its gendarmes, Samos has a population of 53,000, and an area of 180 miles. Its independence, subject to titular sovereignty to Turkey, has been guaranteed for 80 years by Russia, France and Great Britain. Unquestionably the independence of Crete if not its annexation to Greece will be a logical consequence of Samian liberty.

English Teeth.

Nurses' Journal.

At the recent International Dental Federation Dr. King, an American dentist, told those assembled that England lags far behind the United States in soundness of teeth and in recognition of the importance of dentistry. In the last 40 years American teeth have improved and English teeth have deteriorated.

In England too many teeth are sacrificed, not enough attention is paid to their conservation, and there is too little provision for treating the teeth of the poor. Dr. Darby, of Philadelphia, said the finest teeth in the world are found in the north of Ireland and Scotland, probably because the people eat so much porridge and grain foods.

Moon and Rainfall.

A new instance of the supposed connection of the moon with rainfall claims the support of highly scientific authority. Heavy rains are said to occur in South Africa at intervals of nineteen years and this period coincides with the lunar cycle of maximum north and south declinations. E. E. Neville, late director of the Natal observatory, finds an explanation in the moon's attraction. The theory is that a permanet cloud belt is drawn along by the moon and that as the moon nears its farthest point north the mass of clouds is made to impinge on the mountains in Natal, giving excessive railfall.

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BIG DOLL FREE to GIRLS This TALKING AND SLEEPING DOLL is a great big beauty, NEARLY HALF A YARD TALL and beautifully dressed in satins and laces. By pressing a button you can make it say "Mamma" and "Papa." Just like a real baby. Has curly hair, pearly teeth, rosy cheeks, closes its eyes and goes to sleep. Beautifully dressed, trimmed underwear, stockings and shoes that can be taken off. You can have this beautiful Doll for distributing only 8 of our handsome pictures at 25 cents each. Everybody wants them and will take same on our liberal offer. SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address. We send the pictures free and take back if you can't dispose of. M. O. SEITZ, G24 CHICAGO

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Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of pain. Sent free

No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared by woman and we will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 134 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N.Y. and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1912.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO........Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.............Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Your Opportunity

Many a man has lost his chance through lack of close observation. Opportunities within easy reach have been overlooked, and the one chance of success has slipped by and disappeared forever. Your opportunity may come through a Blade advertisement. It pays to be a close observer of what is going on about us. Blade advertisements are messages to you. Make the most of them.

Cubans are carrying revolvers, baseball bats not being adapted to campaign discussions.

Speaking of wasted years, we can never forget our early efforts to color a meerschaum pipe.

Planning to get out of Matteawan seems to have been taken up as a life work by Harry K. Thaw.

When a campaign orator clenches his fists the reporter speaks of the speech as an earnest appeal.

A Boston woman who has been declared dead by three courts insists that they've got to prove it.

Pierre Loti says he is "pleased with the freshness of American women." To be taken with a pinch of salt.

Senator La Follette says he will not vote for Taft, Roosevelt or Wilson. The man he favors isn't running.

Schrank is safe in jail, but there are other crazy men running at large who know how easy it is to buy a gun.

Another advance in the price of meat. A Texas man has sued a corporation for $20,000 for the loss of one toe.

The oldest love letter was written 5,000 years ago, it is said. And there haven't been many changes since then.

A St. Louis physician declares that if you resolve to live a hundred years you can do it. Can you think of anything easier?

"Yours may be the vote to save the country," says the Baltimore American. Sure; it may start the landslide for the Colonel.

The Ohio ballot this fall is to be more than three feet long and about a foot and a half wide. It will carry no sporting section, however.

This has been a memorable year for Senator La Follette's brother Bill. He has had his name in the papers on several occasions.

New York women suffragists will buy no new clothes for two years. Which looks very much like the supreme test of earnestness.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt is wasting precious time in Japan. The women of that country won't be ready for suffrage for 2,000 years.

After contributing a total of $527,000 to losing campaigns, Thomas F. Ryan must have some doubts about money making the mare go.

Colonel Roosevelt is the only candidate who has been photographed inside and out. The people know just what kind of man they are going to vote for.

Colonel Roosevelt is compelled to remain at Oyster Bay, but the Cause is shrieking around the curves and thundering along the stretches of straight track.

See what the high cost of living is doing to sentiment. In Germany people are said to be eating dogs. Just think of ordering short ribs of dachshund and brown potatoes!

"A little of everything is mixed up in a mule," says a Missouri preacher. One fault to be found with the mule is that he inherits too many of his father's characteristics.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, upon the occasion of rounding out her sixty-seventh year, remarked: "This is the sweetest moment of my life." Nobody can grow old feeling like that.

According to the ceusus there are more than 10,000,000 men in the United States who do not vote. What a noise they will make when they begin to howl about the result of the election.

Contributing a hundred thousand dollars to a campaign fund now doesn't seem to be as great a sacrifice as the old time patriot used to make when he soiled his Sunday coat in a torchlight procession.

They tell the story of a Mexican railroad man who, in order to reach the girl whom he was going to marry, had to build 30 bridges. Fine compliment to the bride, and incidentally to all womankind.

TRIUMPH IS SURE.

The masters of big business and the chieftains of special interest that are fighting Theodore Roosevelt with all the vast power of the old order of things are making the same fundamental blunder that has marked the losing battle of reaction against human progress since the world began. They are making their stand against an individual leader, centering their fight on a representative of a movement and forgetting that the fate of a great cause never has rested and never can rest on the fortunes of its leaders, be they one or many.

The Ryans and the Morgans and the Archbolds and the Belmonts are apparently proceeding in the belief that if Roosevelt falls the principles and purposes he represents must fall with him. Grimly, sullenly, powerfully, they have set about the destruction of the man, blind, seemingly, to the resistless strength of the great idea of real rule by the whole people which grips and impells him and his followers. They have shut their eyes to the vast army and aimed their blows at the temporary commander. And they will fail of their purpose as similar purpose has failed through all the pages of history.

Theodore Roosevelt is the unequaled and unquestioned leader of the Progressive cause. The preachments and achievements of a lifetime have made him that. To him, more than any other man, has fallen the task of giving form and substance to progressive principles and welding them into effectiveness. But the Progressive movement today is infinitely greater than Theodore Roosevelt and all the captains who are doing splendid battle under his banner in this campaign. If the madman's bullet had found its mark a fortnight ago and had stilled forever the brave heart at which it was sped, the Progressive cause would have gone on to ultimate triumph. If the verdict of the people registered two weeks hence shall be adverse to the Roosevelt party, the progressive movement will go on to inevitable victory.

For the Progressive cause is the people's cause. It was born of a dire necessity and of the gravest perils the public has faced since slavery was uprooted, and no loss of leaders, however great and masterful, no temporary reverse, however disheartening, can shadow the great destiny nor stay the ultimate victory of the principles of exact human justice and national righteousness for which Theodore Roosevelt and his friends plead.

THE TANGLE IN THE BALKANS.

The war in the Balkans is not wholly a matter of war between Christians and Moslems. With the Turkish forces are tribesmen who profess the same faith as the Servians and Montenegrins. One great section which has waged an age-long warfare against the Turk is expected to declare itself upon the Moslem side, or in any case to keep hands off.

The Albanians are not friendly to the Balkan alliance because they entertain the hope of gaining an autonomous government for themselves. They feel certain that if the Balkan states win, they will come under Greek, Montenegrin or Servian rule, or perhaps all three. From their racial brothers they can count upon less than from the hated typrants of Constantinople.

In Macedonia are a number of scattered settlements of Roumanians who have a more bitter quarrel with Greeks, who have tried to direct their religious affairs, than with Turkish administrators. In times past Greece and Roumania have quarreled over this matter. It will be a decided disadvantage for Roumania if her neighbor Bulgaria obtains territory which will make her much larger than she is. Not more because she does not propose that the Roumanians in Macedonia shall be persecuted by the allies than because she is jealous of Bulgaria's opportunity for enlargement. Roumania has ordered the mobilization of troops.

The Balkan affair is studded with complications of this sort. Those who read the dispatches from the front will keep a better understanding of the real situation if they do not look upon the war as a conflict between irreconcilable religions.

CAMPAIGN PLEDGES.

Because he finds he cannot keep the promises he made during the election campaign, the Canadian minister of public works has resigned from the cabinet. He had bound himself by pledge to quit office in case the naval program was not submitted to the people. The cabinet having decided not to risk a referendum on the measure the minister of public works promptly surrendered his seat.

By way of contrast, observe the tack which Professor Wilson took in regard to the platform adopted by the Baltimore convention. In times past, platforms have always been considered pledges. Administrations have tried to do whatever congress has permitted them to do to discharge the pledges. But there are several things in the Baltimore platform which do not exactly jibe with Professor Wilson's views. Yet he does not say, as his opponent, Colonel Roosevelt would have said in like case, that he has no intention of making the pledges good if elected. Instead, he dodges around the issue and says the platform is only a "program," pulling the teeth of the term just as he did that of "state's rights" by calling it "state's functions." What Mr. Bryan thinks of Mr. Wilson's ducking and side-stepping ways is to be noted in his recent demand for an explicit expression from the Democratic candidate as to his views on the single-term plank.

The Canadian minister of public works looks upon a pledge as something unavoidable, not to be squirmed around or to be befogged with words. If Professor Wilson knew the American people better and the force of political intriguers around him less, a pledge might look that way to him also.

THE BLADE'S POPULAR PREMIUMS.

Three-Piece Lace Bed Sets AND Nottingham Lace Curtains

Special Notice to Subscribers Whose Time Expires Next Month.

We have just mailed to all of our subscribers whose time expires during the month of November, our special propositions for renewals and the raising of clubs. Our new premium—Three Piece Lace Bed Sets, description of which appears in another location on this page, is meeting with great favor among our readers and we have had many compliments on this beautiful premium. We will continue our Nottingham Lace curtain offer indefinitely as this premium is growing more popular every year, as is evidenced from the fact that last season we gave to our subscribers who sent us clubs of ten names, over 15,000 pairs.

How to Obtain These Premiums.

On the first day of each month we will mail to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, a notice giving choice of several propositions for renewal. Therefore all subscribers whose time expires during November, should receive our proposition by November 1st. If not received by November 4th please notify us and a duplicate will be mailed promptly. All those who send us a club of 20 subscribers according to proposition No. 4 will receive one three piece lace bed set by mail postpaid and for a club of 10 subscribers according to proposition No. 3 one pair of lace curtains postpaid by mail. We shall be prepared for the majority of our readers to send us clubs of 10 or 20 names thereby availing themselves of our curtain or lace bed set proposition. It will be noticed that we do not make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. It would be impossible to serve all at once. One mill could not manufacture and supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enables us to take care each month of all subscribers whose time expires during the current month. We now make this offer to November subscribers only, and 30 days later the December people will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month. When you receive your notice, please read carefully the several propositions we make; you will find them exceedingly liberal and we feel confident that you not only will renew promptly, but that you will induce a large number of your neighbors and friends to join with you.

It is important that all who receive our November proposition accept one of them before December 1st as after this date we shall deal with December subscribers only.

THE PLACE FOR THE RELICS.

John Schrank has more than a glimmer of an idea as to the fitness of things. If the revolver he used in his murderous assault on Colonel Roosevelt and the bullet which got tangled among the muscles of the colonel's chest are to be presented as relics, then let them—says John Schrank—be placed in the rotunda of the capitol at Albany.

It is so reasonable a suggestion that it makes it all the harder to believe that Schrank is insane. Albany is the capital of the state in which the tories are thickest, the kind of tories whose hydrophobic mouthings have been most septic and whose poison glands have been most active in the campaign "anything to beat Roosevelt."

Albany is the center of the Duchy of Boss Barnes, whose deep and bitter hatred of the colonel is as the hatred of the rat toward all its natural enemies.

Albany is the place for those relics. John Schrank probably thought it out long and carefully while reading the New York newspapers which preached that the republic must surely fall if the menace Roosevelt was not removed.

TRUST-BUSTER WILSON!

In answer to the questions:

Is it not a fact that the laws of the state under which a corporation is organized prescribe its power?

Are not all the powers of Standard Oil and similar monopolies conferred by the laws of New Jersey?

Could not those powers have been curtailed by amendments to the New Jersey laws?

Why has not Mr. Wilson, as governor of New Jersey, recommended such amendments?

Professor Wilson made the answer:

I authorize you to say that the Republican majority in the legislature made revision of corporation laws impossible, and no New Jersey official could prosecute or propose dissolution for breach of federal statutes.

The legislature serving in Governor Wilson's administration consisted in the house of 42 Democrats and 18 Republicans, in the senate of 11 Republicans and 10 Democrats. In joint session, the legislature elected a Democratic United States senator. In spite of the majority of one Republican in the senate, the legislature passed the reform measures which Governor Wilson recommended.

There is no record that the governor asked the legislature to end the chartering of predatory trusts. He did not mention the subject in any of his regular messages nor did he write any special messages upon it. Is it not strange that—though he had a majority of one against him in the senate—the governor urged remedial legislation and obtained it and yet ignored the legislation which would have gone far to end the trust evil?

Or perhaps it isn't strange.

The licensing of trusts in New Jersey relieves the people of that state of a big part of the burden of taxation. Out of the fees collected from the trusts are paid much of the state's expenses—which include the governor's salary.

Is it not this fact and not the Republican majority in the senate which made revision of corporation laws impossible? And was it not the fact that New Jersey profited by serving as an incubator for trusts which kept the governor silent and stayed his pen?

And may it not be that because of his silence on the trust question while governor of the trust producing state that Governor Wilson has the help and friendship of the Wall street press, the backing of Thomas Fortune Ryan, the support of the head of the Harvester trust, and the active aid of the score of political bosses who have fetched and carried for Big Business these many years?

THE "GET-ROOSEVELT" COMMISSION FADES.

The "Get-Roosevelt" commission, which has been pretending to conduct a non-partisan senatorial investigation of campaign expenditures lost its mask at Washington Monday of last week. One Thomas F. Ryan, archpriest of big business and special interests, talked truth for a couple of minutes, and so doing shamed a lot of carefully prepared dramatic illusions over which the patriots serving on the senate committee had labored for weeks.

"I gave $450,000 to the Democratic campaign of 1904," said Thomas F. Ryan.

And immediately the lily-white Pomerene and his partisan associates lost interest in the examination. They had spent days worrying over a contribution to the Republican fund of the 1904 campaign, which never, in all the examinations, reached half the figure Mr. Ryan boasted. They had expended weeks of time in grave faced examination of Roosevelt primary expenses. But when Ryan, biggest of all big business men, most extremely special of all special interest representatives, dropped his genial remark about his $450,000 the entire "Get-Roosevelt" commission fled, fainting, from the subject.

Senator Pomerene, misrepresentative of Ohio in the upper house of congress, shows particularly poorly in the fierce white Ryan light which beat upon him and his, in Monday's session. For not only did he pass the $450,000 contribution of 1904 in hasty silence, but he faded entirely from view when Ryan casually mentioned that he had, this year, given $77,000 to the Harmon primary campaign, a campaign in which the gentle Pomerene had a close personal interest.

If the country had needed any additional proof of the gross partisanship and fundamental dishonesty of purpose of that senatorial committee, Monday's session furnished it. But the country didn't.

SHORT SIGHTEDNESS.

The navy department has placed an order for armor-piercing projectiles in England, complaining at the same time that it could not do nearly so well in point of price in this country.

There are times when the "lowest bidder" notion takes possession of the minds of public officials, more often, indeed, of the minds of the public itself. The lowness of the bid is considered, nothing else. No doubt shells can be made more cheaply in England than over here. Britain is a free trade, and therefore a low wage and cheap raw material country. But aside from this, there is another consideration. It is to be questioned if the makers of shells in this country have any other market than Uncle Sam. When Uncle Sam ceases to buy them, they must perforce go out of business. And once these plants are out of business, what will the fact that shells can be bought more cheaply in England avail the government when the government needs them for the defense of the country?

Uncle Sam ought either to manufacture material of this sort himself, or else he ought to take care to foster and maintain enterprises that will make them.

THE LICENSE OF LITIGATION.

Twenty-one years ago the partners in a merchandising house in New York fell out over the division of profits, or some such matter. One of them brought suit. After 93 lawyers had argued, advised, expressed opinions and collected fees in the case, after 45 different judges had listened and yawned, and after the plaintiff had spent $200,000 and the defendant $100,000 more, the litigation has just ended. The plaintiff has been given judgment for $42,096.

The prize ring has a different code. When the fighters maul each other and beat each other and punch and foul until they're well nigh exhausted, some one stops the whole business. The pugs aren't permitted to rest a day or two and then begin all over. They don't "dope" themselves with cocaine or other fighting drugs and then lay for each other. The first fight, as a rule, is the finish fight.

Why is it that in the law the parties to a controversy are permitted to fight for years, to ruin their lives with litigation and to bankrupt themselves and their families that, in the end, some one gets a judgment which reimburses him for only a fraction of the money he has spent? Some one in authority, or some institution, ought to be empowered to interfere long before exhaustion is threatened. There is something to be learned of the prize ring.

Sunday School

SEEING THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The International Sunday School Lesson for November 3 Is: "The Sign and the Leaven." Mark 8: 11-26.

By William T. Ellis.

This is the day of signs and portents. The whole horizon is full of significance. Everybody who is not sound asleep knows that he is living in a rare and meaningful day. Some of us, like the goose-bone weather prophets, are seeing things only in local significance and without full knowledge. We are verifying our pet notions by profound portents. In the strange movings upon the universal heart of man one person sees the dawn of an era of triumphant industrialism; his wife, on the other hand, beholds nothing but the reign of woman suffrage; another hails it all as heralding the advent of single tax; others hear in the mutterings of mankind the rumblings of the chariot wheels of their own particular political parties. Some, whose vision is not very wide, prophesy the dawn of the millenium; while others hear the clanking chains of approaching judgment.

This lesson quotes Jesus on the signs and sign-readers. The Pharisees were great weather prophets. Also they were past masters of the art of symbolism. With the ancient Jewish tendency toward witchcraft, they could read a hidden meaning into almost anything. Jesus indicted them in these excoriating words: "Ye know how to discern the face of the heaven; but ye cannot discern the signs of the times. An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given unto it, but the sign of Jonah." Mind you, these were the religious leaders of the time; they were the men upon whom the people depended for counsel and direction; they were professionally the wise, yet Jesus disdained them as "blind, leaders of the blind," unable so much as to read the signs of the times in which they lived.

Are Our Prophets Blind?

That sort of talk unsettles the complacency of religious leaders. In our own day it is reinforced by the frank declaration of some really discerning ones that the preachers and religious leaders are ignorant of the signs of our own times. They are the ones who are slowest to see the fundamental religious character of the day's mood. There is a wonderful religious revival abroad in the world at the present time, but it is found in our political conventions and sociological conferences and not in our churches. This is startling; it should give pause to every Christian. Religion is our specialty. Can it be that we do not recognize its movings in our midst? That very thing is being charged up against the church of today.

On the highest authority, that of the divine Teacher Himself, we are bidden to be aware of our world. It is a sin to be ignorant of the times in which we live. The Sunday school teacher who does not read the newspapers, but devotes hours to musty old commentaries is unfit to teach a class of live boys or girls. The preacher who is ignorant of the life that now is, is incompetent to preach of the life that is to be. That prophets outside the church should be pointing out the place and power of religion while the pulpit is silent concerning the meaning of the new day, is a fundamental reflection upon those whose mission it is to watch the stately steppings of the Son of Man in this His world.

The reviews told recently how Frederick Harrison, the famous British economist, who for 50 years has been espousing labor's cause, had come out in a diagnosis of present conditions. What was the conclusion of this man, who is a high and dry philosopher?

It is that his country of Great Britain needs a moral reform such as that wave of humanity which swept over the Roman world and put a stop to gladiatorial shows. He says:

"By all means try various temporary palliatives. Profit-sharing may be good as far as it goes and can be worked. Conciliation has done something, and may do more. The arbitration of public authorities may be useful. New blood in Parliament is eminently needed. There are now before it bills and schemes which ought to be tried. But let no workmen think that, given the present tone on both sides of this unrest, any legislative, political, or economic devices will touch the root of the matter.

"Nothing will touch it but a new and better spirit in all who work and who organize work—a new social, moral and religious reformation."

The Critic Mood.

What ailed these old Pharisees that Jesus had such scant patience with them? Simply they were not honest in their dealings with Jesus Himself. They were not seeking truth, but victory. Like true politicians, they were not attempting to bring to light the truth, but to trip each other and to catch the popular votes. They wanted a sign from Jesus only in order to confound Him. They were different from John the Baptist who was an honest seeker after some evidence of the Master's mission. These Pharisees could see sufficient signs by watching Jesus for any day, but their minds were so bitter and critical that no sign which the omnipotent Jehovah could have given would have altered their opinions. They were blind, dishonest partisans. The doors to their minds were shut and locked, and the keys thrown away.

The Blind Man Sees.

Significantly, Mark's story tells, after this discussion, of the healing of the blind man. In itself it was only one of many ministries of mercy of the Master. It is offered as a sample of a full store. The Master's life was crowded with such; He was always doing that sort of thing. Today, by the new spirit of wisdom and brotherhood, which He has given to the world, the same ministry of healing is being effected throughout the world.

One striking phase of the episode tells how the healed man at first saw men as trees walking. The figure typifies the gradual entrance of a soul into light. God deals patiently with the world. He has taken a long time to lead it this far on the highway of truth and light. Men are entering gradually into an understanding of new truths and new duties. We have not yet fully attained, and bound up in the little story is the implication that even our clearest sight of spiritual realities at the present times is but as dimness alongside of that **perfect day** when we shall "know fully."

A Poem Worth While

OLD OCTOBER.

Old October's purt nigh gone,
And the frosts is comin' on
Little heavier every day—
Like our hearts is thataway.
Leaves is ehangin' overhead
Back from green to gray and red,
Brown and yeller, with their stems
Loosenin' on the oaks and e'ms;
And the balance of the trees
Gittin' balder every breeze—
Like the heads we're scratchin' on—
Old October's purt nigh gone.

I love old October so,
I can't bear to see her go—
Seems to me like losin' some
Old-home relative, er chum—
'Pears like sort o' settin' by
Some old friend 'at, sigh by sigh
Was a-passin' out o' sight
Into everlastin' night.
Hickernuts a feller hears
Rattlin' down is more like tears
Drappin' on the leaves below—
I love October so!

Can't tell what it is about
Old October knocks me out—!
I sleep well enough at night—
And the blamedest appetite—
Ever mortal man possessed—
Last thing et, it tastes the best!—
Walnuts, butternuts, pawpaws,
Iles and limbers up my jaws,
Fer raal service, sich as new
Pork spareribs and sausage, too—
Yit fer all, they's somethin' 'bout
Old October knocks me out!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Opinions of the People

EDITOR'S NOTE—The Blade desires to give its readers space in which they may express their opinions on various subjects of interest—topics of the day. In this way—if those who have interesting ideas will send them addressed EDITOR WEEKLY BLADE—it is hoped soon to have a very entertaining column appearing each week on this page. If you have an opinion that is worth printing get it out of your system at once. Full names and addresses must accompany communications, but if any person does not desire his own name used he can accompany it with a pen name. Come on in—don't be afraid.

The House Divided.

Route Three, O., Oct. 25, 1912.

Mr. Editor—Since you offered a column to people who want to get things off their minds, something has been stirring inside of me so vigorous I am beginning to suspect that maybe it's an opinion. First off, I hope you will take hold of this letter and dress it up just as if it were going to town to take dinner with the preacher, but more likely he would be coming out to the farm for a similar purpose. You know what I mean; spell it according to approved methods—put the periods, colons and semicolons where they belong, and scatter a few commas here and there. You have the machinery to do it.

Before I can get at what is rankling in my bosom an explanation is necessary. My family is composed of Ma and myself, two daughters and two sons-in-law. Mary and Jim live on the east forty (all paid for); Alice and her man Bill have the old Thompson place, a quarter of a mile west (a small mortgage that can be lifted as easy as coming and going.) That is the scene. Now for the plot. I am a Bull Moose, Ma is a noncombatant, Bill is a wavering Wilson Democrat, Jim is a posthumous Republican, Mary is a warm suffragist, and Alice sticks to crocheting.

Well, Ma has consented to have 'em all over here for a big prosperity dinner Sunday preceding election. They'll come—they know Ma's cooking; we'll fill 'em up innocent and the work will begin. I'll let Bill waver while I take Jim to one side and lambaste tradition in his presence. I know what he'll say: "But father wouldn't want me to depart from the sacred principles of the Republican party." That'll be about the sum and substance of his argument. And then I'll say, for instance: "Jim, I knew your father as well as anybody, excepting your mother. He was an honorable man, but he was buried respectable before you were born. He was the rampantest kind of rampant Republican, in victory or defeat, in sunshine or in rain. I honor his memory. But your father, Jim, sowed his crops by signs. He followed tradition; he went according to his light. Do you study the zodiac or plant potatoes in the moon? Of course you don't. You are living under a new light; you have progressed. You study soil, fertilizer, seed, and climatic conditions. You sweat, Jim, when the weather is warm, and so did your father, but that is about the only similarity between your farm life and his."

Jim will whimper a fear about the destruction of prosperity. With all his weakness about tradition, Jim is a soft-pedal Republican, Then I'll take him out to look at six of the finest 3-year-old steers whose red flanks ever glistened under the sunlight of a bright October day. I once read something somewhere about the poetry of motion. Those red steers have it. You can feel it as they move about with all the majesty of a superior thing with a satisfied appetite. I'll give Jim time to absorb the situation—he's particularly fond of steers—and then I'll say: "Jim, there's prosperity, sleek and fat, and getting sleeker and fatter every day. Now, sir, do you think, if the Bull Moose wins the national election, those steers are going to refuse to eat — mope and pine away?" But Jim won't even grunt a reply, confound him! I am afraid he is going to be a silent voter.

Ma argues that sons-in-law are born, not made, and that we have to take them as they come. She says they have inalienable rights that must not be tampered with. Ma breathes the spirit of the Declaration of Independence. I think that's what makes her a model mother-in-law. Anyway, she doesn't tamper with Jim and Bill. She treats them like twins, although they were born into our family two years apart. But I must ramble on.

As I said before, Bill is a wavering Wilson man. He is a full-veined animal, with a stream of life gushing through him like the little Mohican during the freshet season. It's my opinion that if Bill were anaemic Alice would drop her crochet work and take up suffrage. If he would sit quiet and listen she would borrow Mary's literature and preach the cause. But Bill doesn't absorb easy, like Jim. Well, you can't scare a man like that with free trade, or make him believe that the bottom is going to fall out of the government if Wilson is elected. And he can argue some, too, because he has the wind. He can talk up one side and down the other, take one deep breath, like a thoroughbred after running a mile at top speed, and be ready for another heat.

I am going to appeal to Bill's passion for action. Maybe I'll say something like this: "Bill, it would be useless for you and me to talk about reciprocity, free trade, tariff for revenue only, the price of a dog-churn in the Dominion of Canada, or the sacred principles for which our fathers ambled along in a torchlight procession with the band playing Marching Through Georgia. What this country needs in the way of a President is a man with lots of red blood in his veins, a man who can ride a horse without falling off, and it isn't necessary for me to mention any names. I want a man who was born among the aristocracy, but thought so little of his position that he climbed down among the people, studied their wants and their needs, found out what was necessary to protect them against greed and avarice and then stood up and fought for it."

Bill likes chin music, so I'll just keep on remarking: "I'm in favor of the kind of American who can shine among the nobility or who can go down into a coal mine, take a toiler by the hand and turn his face toward the horizon of hope. I'm persnickety in my tastes when it comes to electing a President, son William. To please me he must be alive every minute and have his whole heart in his work. I don't want his mind to be so occupied with the welfare of the trusts that he will forget men and women." Furthermore, I will say to Bill: "We ought to have a man of unflinching courage in the presidential chair, a man who isn't afraid of anything, from a bobcat to the great-grandfather of all the octopi (I guess that is the right word). Bill, you are the kind of son who ought to take pride in a typical American, one who is progressive in thought and action, one who doesn't let precedent or tradition keep him from doing something he thinks will be an everlasting blessing to the men and women of this country."

There, that's about what I shall say to Jim and Bill during the last hours of the expiring campaign, after the family has partaken of the fruits of industry, with perhaps a few more things that may be inspired by what Uncle Ezra would call the exigencies of the occasion.

FELIX PRESTON.

P. S.—Ma says a house divided against itself cannot stand. F. P.

BEGINNING OF BALKAN WAR

New York, Oct. 23.—A cable dispatch from Paris contains the following account of the beginning of the Balkan war:

"When the Sultan of Turkey gave orders for army mobilization he sent to the Czar of Bulgaria a sack of millet with the following letter:

"'Ferdinand Effendi — Mobilize if you like, but be assured that there are as many soldiers in Turkey as there are grains of millet in this sack. Now, if you wish, declare war.'

"The czar's reply was in kind. He sent a very much smaller sack, filled with tiny grains of a most virulent red pepper of the country. With it went the following dedication:

"'Dear Sultan—The Bulgarians are not numerous, it is true, but be assured that to stick your nose into their affairs is like sticking it into our national condiment. Try it, and see; they'll sting you so sharply that the whole of Asia will not be able to save you.'"

The Weekly Blade's New Premium

Quality

Each set is made from a very fine quality of genuine Nottingham lace. Strong and of good wearing quality.

Sizes

The size of the spread is 60 x 90, with two shams to match, size 30 x 30.

Elegant Three-Piece Lace Bed Set

The above illustration does but little justice to this beautiful and attractive Lace Bed Set. The design is the **Deer Medallion** pattern—a combination representing lace and floral effects with realistic deer centerpieces, and has been so beautifully worked out that the whole effect is positively the handsomest and most refined we have ever seen. We selected this pattern in preference to many others submitted.

The beauty of this lacy Bed Set is still further brought out by the use of a pink, blue or yellow cambric lining, which is very cheap and can be purchased at any dry goods store. You should have a set for all your beds, as it adds greatly to the attractiveness of the room, besides it is very new and fashionable.

This particular design of Bed Set is made especially for us, and we were compelled to contract for the entire production of a large eastern lace mill in order that we might have exclusive right to this pattern.

We Do Not Sell These Lace Bed Sets

But give one set (one spread and two shams to match) free, postpaid by mail, for every club of 20 subscribers. The retail price of this set in local stores would be from $2.50 to $3.00.

We are sure that any of our readers receiving one of these Bed Sets will be more than pleased.

See our "Notice to Subscribers," which appears on this page, for further explanation of how to obtain this beautiful premium.

VARIETIES

Soap is mixed with concrete make it waterproof.

Fountain Wetmore Rainwater liv at Waterloo, Ky.

There are 74,000 foreign seamen o British ships.

The area of Australia is thre fourths that of Europe.

There are 24 bishops in the hou of lords.

It costs $8,000,000,000 a year t feed the American people.

R. Kipling is the name of a theatr manager in Honolulu.

China has one coal field with a area of 91,000 square miles.

Tea was used as a beverage i China more than 2,000 years ago.

It is said that England spends $15, 000,000 annually for patent medicine

Including natives and European India has a population of 315,000,000

The annual rubber output of th world is 90,000 tons, valued at $200, 000,000.

The steamship lines burn 5,000,00 tons of coal annually at New York.

Not a drop of alcoholic liquor i manufactured in Iceland and none i imported.

Russia supplies Great Britain wit the greater proportion of her poultry and eggs.

Elmer Lafonzo, Indian, and Genevieve Norton, white, have married i Los Angeles.

A French scientist urges putting one's pillow under one's feet as a remedy for insomnia.

At Canandaigua, N. Y., last week Miss Euphemia Apple became the bride of DuBoise Crabb.

The French police do not make us of handcuffs, but a chain with a crossbar on each end.

The life of a steel rail on the main line under ordinary circumstances i 12 years.

One hundred thousand persons could find work in New York if they would go into domestic service.

The Chicago health department has begun a rat killing crusade as a precaution against bubonic plague.

Fourteen million dollars' worth of heating apparatus is made and distributed in New York City annually.

In the production of rice and coffee the United States ranks tenth, compared with other countries of the world.

Forty-five per cent of all the greenbacks in this country are of one, two and five-dollar denomination.

A soiled greenback is restored to its original glory by washing and ironing at a cost of one-tenth of a cent.

China uses millions of pounds of old newspapers, chiefly British, as wall paper for houses and cottages.

There are more one dollar bills in circulation in this country than any other denomination. The five-dollar bill is next in number.

Madasgascar has a plant which yields a "caffeine free" coffee. It grows wild in the forests, and the native call it mantasca.

In Switzerland a woman has been appointed to the chief inspectorship of factories, a coveted position hitherto held only by men.

Leaders of thought in Britain are saying that hope for relief from labor difficulties lies not in settling disputes, but in preventive measures.

The invention of a flame derived from electric energy that will not give off heat is claimed by a French scientist, who is keeping the details secret.

Dust from the miner's drill is now caught in a hood and carried off by a current of air, so that it does not get into the operator's lungs.

A great number of cases of injury to the eye caused by persons watching the eclipse without proper protection were reported in Berlin recently.

No ship is allowed to pass through the Suez canal without a searchlight of a particular type. If the vessel has not one of her own she must borrow one.

To lighten the labors of a tin roofer, a Michigan man has invented detachable handles to increase the leverage of an ordinary pair of metal cutting shears.

The Germans are not emigrating to any extent at present, for the reason that conditions are being made far more comfortable at home for the workingman.

The czar of Russia will be exciting the envy of the Aemrican billionaire. News comes from Germany that the czar's life is insured in an English company for $5,000,000.

A wooden ship called the Seal, built in 1810, at Southampton, is still in use, and will shortly sail from Bideford, England, to Durban, South Africa, a distance of 6,000 miles.

A statistician has calculated that during the year 1911 there were 22,000,000,000 telephone calls throughout the world. Fourteen and a half billion of these were in the United States.

Sixteen thousand Europeans and 665 Maoris have obtained old age pensions in New Zealand in the last year. About 35,000 old age pensions have been granted in all.

One of Chicago's well known bridge companies has designed the superstructure, operating machinery and power equipment of the bascule span for a great bridge in Lincoln, England.

There are at present invested no less than $80,000,000 in electric vehicles, of which sum about $25,000,000 represents the outlay for trucks and delivery vehicles, and $55,000,000 the value of pleasure cars.

It is rumored that the French Compagnie Generale Transatlantique is studying the possibility of making Brest the home port of its American lines. Brest has perhaps the largest natural harbor in Europe.

Captain Louis C. Flatau, of St. Louis, has 150 practical inventions to his credit in the patent office at Washington. His latest is a turbine engine which he expects to revolutionize transportation by land and sea.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont has the words "Votes for Women" stamped across the face of all her personal checks. No "anti" has carried his disapprobation of the suffrage movement so far as to return any check she has sent him.

Uncle Sam sold $385,000,000 worth of foodstuffs to foreign nations in 1911; at the same time $358,000,000 was spent for food supplies bought from abroad, leaving to Uncle Sam credit only the meager balance of $32,000,000 on this score.

Mothers of Skin Tortured and Disfigured Children!

You should know that a warm bath with Cuticura Soap and a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment will, in most cases, bring immediate relief, the little sufferers will sleep, tired, fretted mothers will rest, and peace will fall on distracted households.

Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a postal to "Cuticura," Dept. 15N, Boston, will secure a liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the skin.

How to Treat a Goiter

Dr. M. C. Munn, recognized as the leading authority today on treatment of goiter, wants every sufferer in America to send for a free copy of his latest book containing a practical and scientific discussion of the subject of goiter and its modern safe treatment. This book tells you how to reduce your goiter without pain or operation. This book is a scientific treatise in plain, simple language.

Great Goiter Book Free

You should certainly send for this helpful book. It is postpaid, free, to you. Send for it before you do another thing. Read it and you will know how to decide what you should do. It costs you nothing to get this book and it places you under no obligations whatever. It is absolutely free to you. Just send your name and address. Send NOW. Write TODAY.

M. C. MUNN, M. D., Dept. 4142 CHICAGO, ILL.

Socialists are determined to have free speech and lots of it.

CHOLERA SWEEPS INDIA

Asiatic Turkey Also Suffering From Plague.

Washington, Oct. 24.—Cholera again is sweeping India, according to a report to the United States public health service. In August in the province of Madras alone there were 21,306 cases, with 10,620 deaths, and in other parts of the empire an equally ominous mortality prevailed. While the scourge is not so severe as in previous years, it is exacting heavy toll. Cholera also is said to be prevalent in Asiatic Turkey, and with Turkish troops being hurried into Southern Europe because of the Balkan war, the officials fear the plague may spread through Europe.

MISPLACED HEART SAVES BOY

Organ on Right Side, Picket Pierces His Left Breast.

New York, Oct. 25.—Because his heart is on the right side, David Krunish, 11, left Fordham hospital yesterday well on the road to recovery. If his heart had been normal he probably would have been carried out in a coffin several days ago.

David fell on a picket fence last Monday and one of the spikes penetrated his breast three inches directly over the place where his heart should be.

ASTHMA

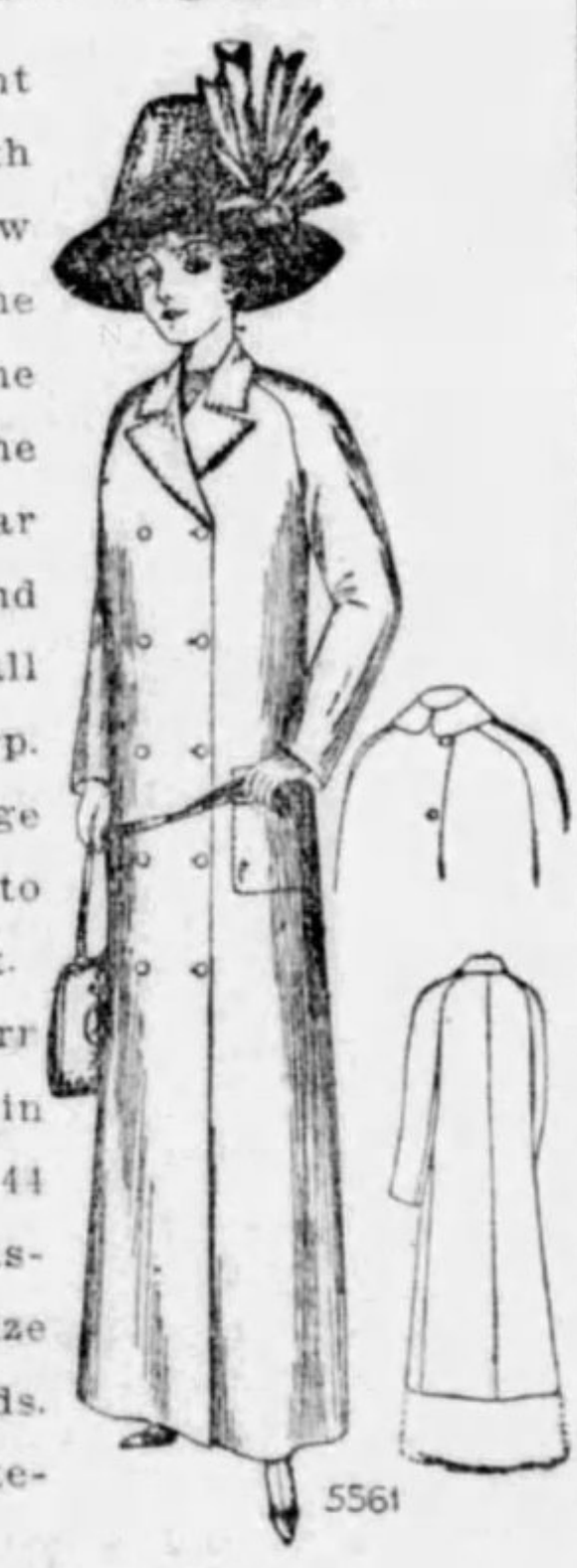
Remedy sent to any sufferer. If it cures send $1. If not, don't. Give express office. Write today. W. K. Sterline, 631 Ohio ave., Sidney, O.

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

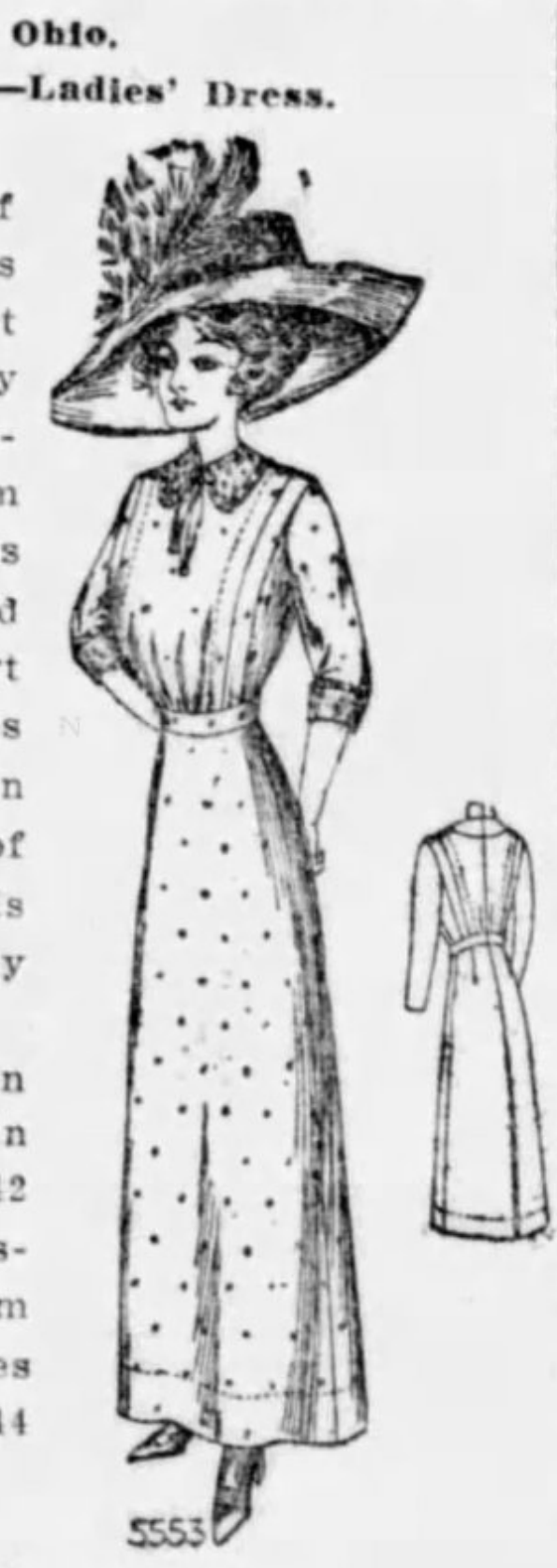
5561—Ladies' Raglan Coat.



This garment is cut with straight, narrow lines and the sleeves with the extension to the neck. The collar is narrow and the revers small small and sharp. Linen or serge can be made to make this coat.

The pattern 5561 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 4½ yds. of 54 in. material.

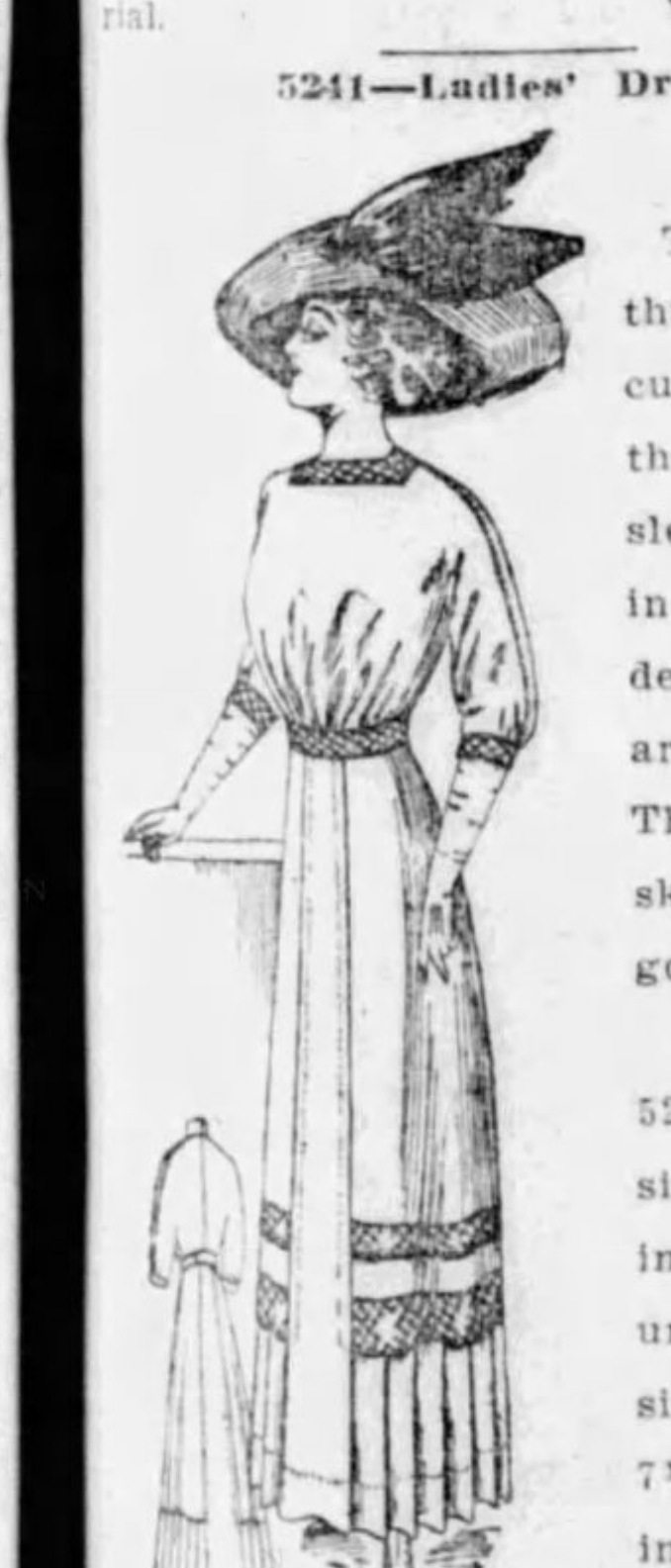
5553—Ladies' Dress.



The waist of this dress is of the shirt waist variety with tucks extending from the shoulders in front and back The skirt has three gores and closes in the center of the back. It is adjusted by short darts.

The pattern 5553 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 4⅞ yards of 44 in. material.

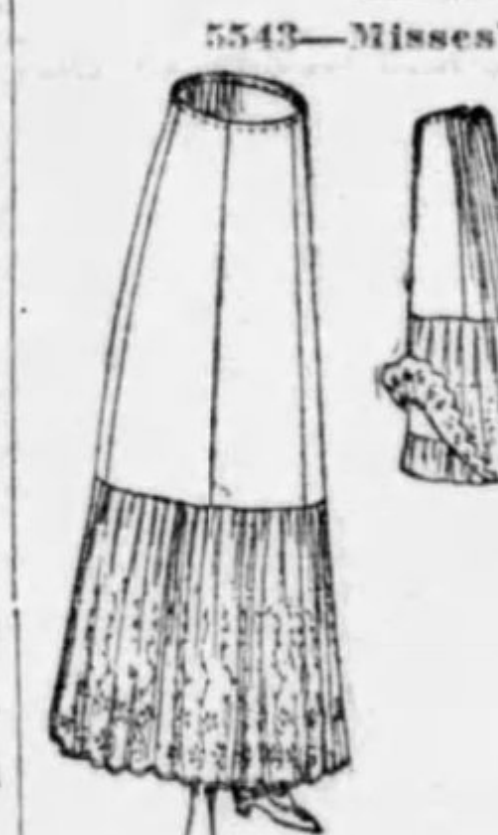
5241—Ladies' Dress.



The waist of this dress is cut in with the body and sleeve section in one and under arm gores are provided. The attached skirt is in six gores.

The pattern 5241 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 7⅛ yards of 27 inch material.

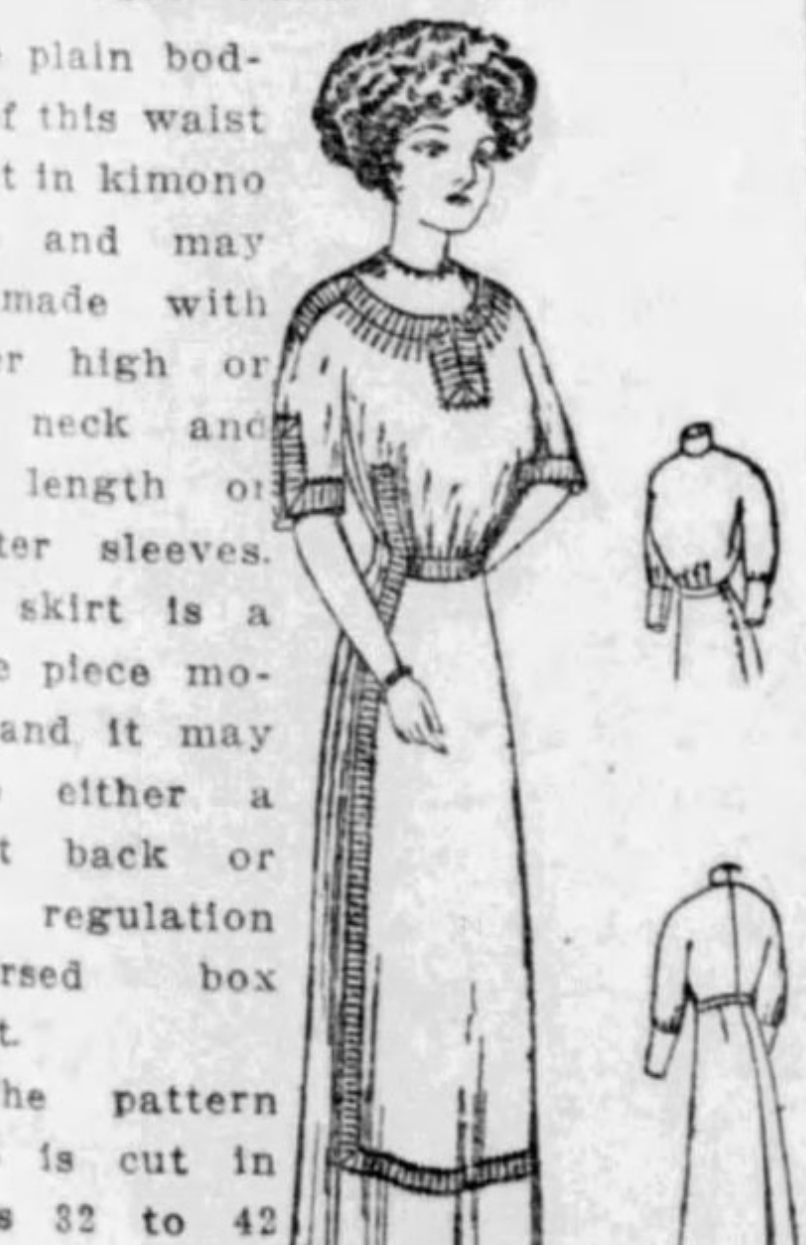
5543—Misses' Petticoat.



This petticoat is gored and fitted at front and sides, gathered across the center of the back. There is a knee deep flounce, which may be used or omitted, as preferred.

The pattern 5543 is cut in sizes 14, 15 and 18 years. Medium size requires 3¾ yds. of 27 inch material and 3 yds. of flouncing 13½ in. wide.

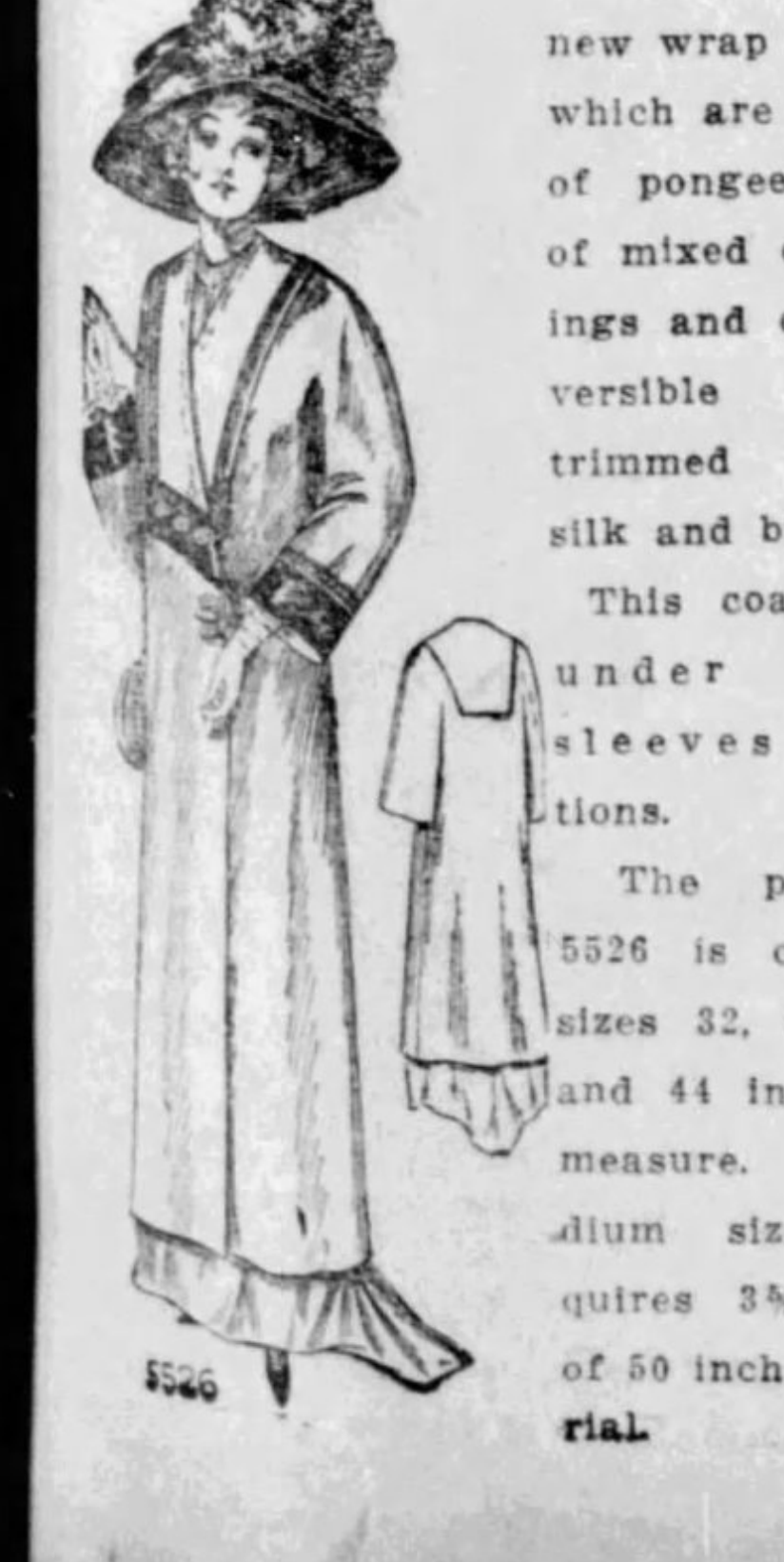
5396—Ladies' Dress.



The plain bodice of this waist is cut in kimono style and may be made with either high or low neck and full length or shorter sleeves. The skirt is a three piece model and it may have either a habit back or the regulation reversed box pleat.

The pattern 5396 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 4¾ yards of 44 in. material.

5526—Ladies' Full Length Coat.

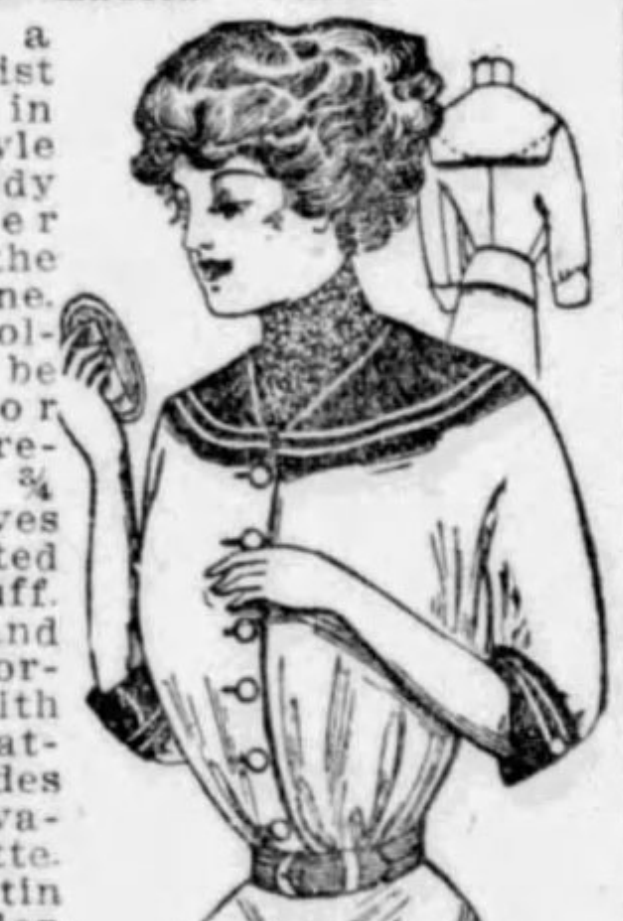


One of the new wrap coats, which are made of pongee silk of mixed cloakings and of reversible cloth trimmed with silk and braid.

This coat has under arm sleeves sections.

The pattern 5526 is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 3⅝ yds. of 50 inch material.

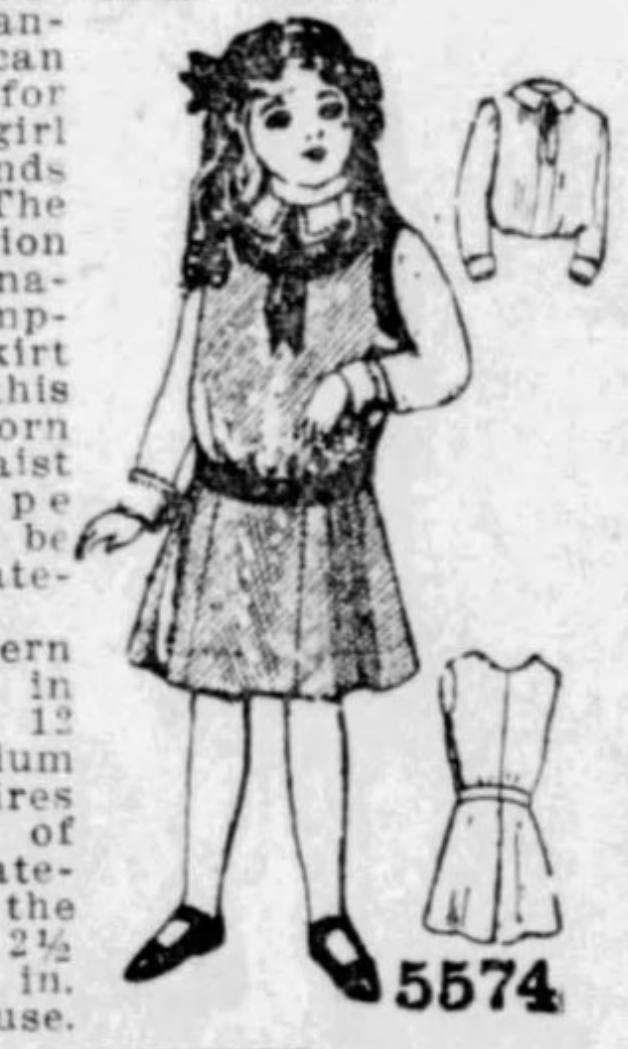
5669—Ladies' Waist.



Here is a dressy waist that is cut in the simple style with the body and upper part of the sleeves in one. The sailor collar may be round or square, as preferred. The ¾ length sleeves have a pointed turn back cuff. Both collar and cuffs are ornamented with braid. The pattern provides for a removable chemisette. Messaline satin will develop this garment beautifully, having the yoke and collar of white or cream lace.

The pattern 5669 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3 yards of 36 inch material.

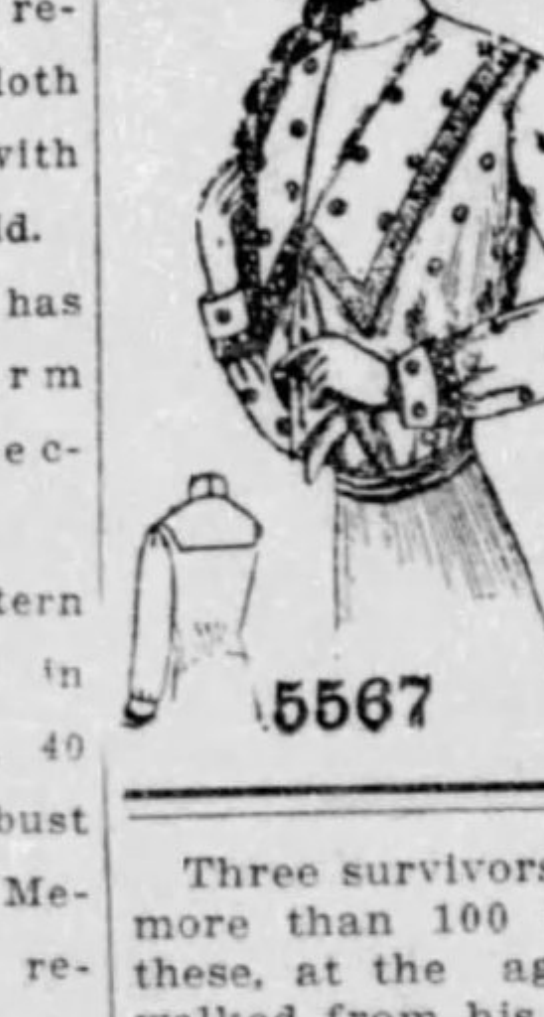
5574—Girls' Dress.



No more handy frock can be found for the little girl who attends school. The outer portion is in the nature of a jumper skirt and with this there is worn a shirt waist or guimpe which may be of wash material.

The pattern 5574 is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size requires 1⅞ yards of 44 in. material for the dress and 2½ yards of 27 in. for the blouse.

5567—Misses' Waist.



This waist will be excellent for school wear and it has the advantage of closing in the front. The large collar may be of the waist material or of embroidery or a second collar of lawn and lace, cut out by the same pattern, might be basted over it.

The pattern 5567 is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36 in. material with ½ yd. of 27 inch contrasting fabric and 2¾ yards of insertion.

Three survivors of the civil war are more than 100 years old. One of these, at the age of 103, recently walked from his home in Jersey City to the pension agency in Brooklyn to see why his quarterly pension check had not arrived.

LIEUT. BECKER FOUND GUILTY

Jury Convicts New York Officer of Rosenthal Murder.

HISTORY OF BECKER CASE.

July 16—Herman Rosenthal shot at entrance of Metropole Hotel.

July 18—Jack Rose surrenders and gives information leading to arrest of Bridgey Webber, Sam Paul and Jack Sullivan.

July 22—Harry Vallon surrenders.

July 25—"Dago Frank" Cirofici arrested in New York.

July 29—Rose, Vallon and Webber confess they planned murder at direction of Lieut. Becker, who feared exposure by Rosenthal. Becker indicted and arrested same evening.

August 10—Sam Schepps arrested in Hot Springs, Ark., as witness against Becker.

September 14—"Gyp the Blood" and "Lefty Louie" arrested in Brooklyn.

October 5—"Big Jack" Zelig, important witness against Becker, shot and killed by "Red Phil" Davidson.

October 7—Becker's trial begins.

October 24—Becker found guilty of murder in first degree.

New York, Oct. 25.—Twelve men, who refused today to discuss their deliberations, returned at two mintues after 12 o'clock this morning a verdict of first degree murder against Police Lieutenant Charles Becker, the first of seven men to be tried for the murder of Herman Rosenthal. On Wednesday, October 30, Supreme Court Justice Goff will fix the time for the prisoner's death in the electric chair.

Exhausted by the ordeal of the trial, John F. McIntyre, chief counsel for the defense, nevertheless began today the preliminary steps looking to an appeal and a stay of execution for his client. The case will be fought to the court of appeals, and Becker, pacing his cell in the Tombs, expresses hope of the outcome. At the same time he denounces what he styles the rigorous partiality of Justice Goff in his charge to the jury and his conduct of the trial.

Jury Convicts Him

POLICE LIEUTENANT BECKER.

Mrs. Becker, who fainted in the corridors of the criminal court's building when a breathless messenger sprinting for a telephone, shouted "guilty," is under the care of relatives at her home in the Bronx. Like her husband, she never dreamed of a first degree verdict, but rather counted on a disagreement of the jurors.

Justice Goff, it is understood, has gone to the country for a much needed rest over the week-end.

One of the first places to which news of the verdict was taken was the West Side prison, where are quartered the informers Jack Rose, Sam Schepps, "Bridgie" Webber and Harry Vallon. The four apparently expected a disagreement, however, for they were all asleep with the exception of Schepps. He was at first suspicious when told that a first degree verdict had been returned, then remarked laconically. "Mr. Whitman is a smart man."

Keepers at the Tombs say that Becker did not sleep last night. He was to confer with his lawyers today, and declined to give out any extended interview. His fellow prisoners heard the verdict almost the instant it was pronounced. In some mysterious manner the message flashed from cell to cell, and when Becker tramped back along the corridor faces were pressed at the bars to watch him. Yet no one spoke to hime. He gazed neither to right nor left, and his set face invited no cheering comments from his companions. Not a word had come today fgrom the four gunmen and the two alleged accomplices—"Jack" Sullivan and William Shapiro—who are also to be tried for Rosenthal's death. The dates for their trials, which probably will be separate, have not been announced.

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES

Save $8.00 to $22.00 on Hoosier Ranges and Heaters

Why not buy the Best when you can buy them at such low unheard-of Factory prices. Our new improvements absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Save enough on a single stove to buy your winter's fuel. Thirty days free trial in your own home before you buy. Send postal today for large free catalog and prices. Address Hoosier Stove Co., 324 State St., Marion, Ind.

The North Sea.

The North Sea is so shallow that a vessel can sail from London to Hamburg in water not more than 120 feet deep, except for one short stretch. If this depth could be decreased one-half—that is, the bottom of the North Sea raised 60 feet—the islands of the Frisian shore would be linked together in an even coast line, a belt of land 10 miles broad would be added to the Danish coast, a multitude of low islands would spring up off the English and Belgian coasts and a great island would rise up in the Dogger bank.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close— Oct. 28.	Close— Oct. 26.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.11	1.11	1.10¾	1.10¾	1.11½
Dec.	1.12¾	1.12¾	1.12¼	1.12¼	1.13
May	1.16¾	....	....	1.16⅝	1.17⅛
Corn—					
Cash	....			63½	66
Dec	55¼	55⅝	55¼	55⅜	55½
May	54½	54¾	54½	54¾	54¾
July	55⅛	55¼	55	55¼	55¼
Oats—					
Cash	....			35¾	36
Dec.	35	35¼	35	35⅛	35⅛
May	36¾	36¾	36⅝	36¾	36⅝
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	11.50	11.62½
Oct.	11.50	....	....	11.50	11.62½
Dec.	11.05	....	....	11.05	11.15
March	11.07½	....	....	11.05	11.11
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....		70½	70½
Alsike—					
Prime	13.20	....	....	13.20	13.20
Dec.	13.20	....	....	13.20	13.20
March	13.20	....	....	13.20	13.20
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.90	1.90
Oct.	1.90	....	....	1.90	1.90
Dec.	1.95	....	....	1.95	1.95
March	2.02½	....	....	2.02½	2.02½
CHICAGO.					
Wheat—					
Dec.	92⅝	92⅝	92¼	92⅝	93¼
May	97¼	97¼	97⅛	97⅝	98
July	94⅛	94⅛	93⅝	93¾	94⅜
Corn—					
Dec.	53⅜	53⅝	53⅜	53⅝	53½
May	52⅜	52⅝	52½	52¾	52¾
July	52⅞	53	52¾	53	53
Oats—					
Dec.	32⅝	32½	32⅜	32⅝	32½
May	34⅝	34½	34⅜	34⅝	34½
July	34½	....	....	34⅛	34⅜
ST. LOUIS.					
Wheat—					
Dec.	93½	....	....	93⅝	94¼
May	97⅝	....	....	98	98⅝
MINNEAPOLIS.					
Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	87½	88½
May	....	....	....	93¼	93⅜
DULUTH.					
Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	87⅝	88¼
May	....	....	....	92⅞	93⅝
CHICAGO PROVISIONS.					
Pork—					
Oct.	16.70	....	....	16.40	16.80
Jan.	18.60	18.65	18.40	18.47	18.90
May	18.40	18.40	18.12	18.17	18.05
Lard—					
Oct	10.90	10.90	10.82	10.82	10.95
Jan.	10.67	....	....	10.62	10.75
May	10.20	....	....	10.25	10.30
Ribs—					
Oct	....	....	....	10.55	10.60
Jan.	10.00	....	....	9.90	10.10
May	9.80	....	....	9.70	9.87

Money and Stocks.

New York, Oct. 28.—(Wall street.)—The contrary course of today's stock market at the opening was indicated by a decline of 1 3-4 points in Canadian Pacific and a one point rise in its allied road, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie. The copper stock and other active issues were of minor to material fractions. Trading in steel and Reading was moderately large at a slight recession from last week's close.

Heaviness increased and important issues added to their losses. Selling was comparatively light, but there was not sufficient demand to absorb offerings

Last week's adverse bank statement, the condition of the foreign markets and expectations that the supreme court will today hand down one or more decisions of interest to the financial community, were among the restraining influences in today's early market. Business was the lighest of any first hour in weeks, and the nature of the trading left no doubt of its professional origin. The tendency was mainly downward at the outset, but fluctuations in importar issues were extremely narrow, the only exception being Canadian Pacific, which reflected its heaviness aboard. Reading led the general recovery at midday, despite higher money.

Bonds were easy.

Reading's abrupt decline soon after noon was attributed to advices from Washington stating that the supreme court had taken no action in the coal cases. The market then lapsed into renewed apathy.

Money was quoted at 6 per cent in the late afternoon, but the market gathered renewed strength, with increased activity in Reading, Union Pacific, St. Paul, Amalgamated and Steel.

The market closed strong.

Money rates went down in the last hour and stocks promptly advanced. All of the favorite issues were bid for and various specialties also rose 1 to 2 points.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Oct. 28.—Butter steady; creameries, 24½@29c; dairies, 22½@27c. Eggs steady; receipts, 3,154 cases; at mark, cases included, 19@20c; ordinary firsts, 21c; firsts, 24c. Cheese steady; daisies, 17½@17¾c; twins, 16⅝@17c; young Americas, 17¼@17½c; long horns, 17@17¼c. Potatoes firm; receipts, 60 cars; Michigan, 42@45c; Minnesota, 40@43c; Wisconsin, 40@45c. Poultry, alive, easy; turkeys, 17c; chickens, 10½c; springs, 12½c. Veal steady, 9@14c.

New York Produce.

New York, Oct. 28.—Flour quiet and steady. Wheat—The decline of about a cent in wheat this morning was due to Liverpool cables, brighter foreign political outlook and continued favorable weather and heavy receipts. December, 99 3-16@99¼c. Pork quiet. Beef strong. Lard weak; middle west, $11.40@11.50. Raw sugar quiet; Muscovado 89 test, 3.55c; centrifugal, 96 test, 4.05c; molasses, 89 test, 3.30c; refined steady. Petroleum steady. Molasses steady. Hay dull. Hides firm. Leather firm.

Poor to fair, 14@18c; refrigerator, specials, marks, fancy, 24½c; refrigerator, firsts, 23@24c; seconds, 21@22½c; thirds and poorer, 18@20; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery whites, fancy, large, new laid, 50@52c; do. selected, whites, fair to good, 42@48c; do. common to fair, 33@40c; western gathered, whites, 32@38c; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery browns, 38@40c; do. gathered browns and mixed colors, 28@37c. Dressed poultry steady; western chickens, 12@19c; fowls, 15@18c; turkeys, spring, 16@18c; old, 16@17c.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Oct. 28.—Cattle—Receipts, 24,000; market steady to 10c lower; beeves, $5.35@11; Texas steers, $4.85@5.65; western steers, $5.50@8.90; stockers and feeders, $4.25@7.40; cows and heifers, $2.70@7.25; calves, $6.50@10.00. Hogs—Receipts, 40,000; market dull and 15c lower; light, $7.60@8.25; mixed, $7.75@8.35; heavy, $7.75@8.35; rough, $7.75@7.95; pigs, $5.00@7.30; bulk of sales, $8.00@8.25. Sheep—Receipts, 55,000; market steady to 10c lower; native, $3.40@4.40; western, $3.50@4.40; yearlings, $4.50@5.60; lambs, native, $5.20@6.90; western, $5.25@6.90.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Oct. 28.—Cattle receipts, 500; market dull, 25@50c lower. Veal calves receipts, 300. Market steady. Good to choice, $9.50@10.00. Sheep and lambs receipts, 4,000; market 15c lower; choice spring lambs, $6.50@6.65. Hogs receipts, 5,000; market 25@50c lower; extreme heavies, $8.25; mediums, $8.25; yorkers, $7.85; light yorkers, $7.85; pigs, $66.75; roughs, $7.00; stags, $6.50.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Oct. 28.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,800; choice to prime heavy steers, $9.25@9.50; good to choice heavy steers, $8.90@9.25; choice handy fat steers, $7.50@8.25; common to fair steers, $5.50@7.00; good to choice heifers, $6.50@7.50; good to choice fat cows, $5.00@6.50; common to fair cows, $3.50@4.50; choice butcher bulls, $5.50@6.50; milch cows, $35@70. Hogs—Receipts, 14,000; prime heavies, $8.50; heavy mixed, $8.35; mediums, $8.35; heavy Yorkers, $8.25; light Yorkers, $7.60; pigs, $7.15; roughs, $7.75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 6,000; prime wethers, $4.75; choice lambs, $7.10. Calves—Receipts, 1,000; good to choice veals, $10.00.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Ot. 28.—Cattle—Receipts, 7,000; active and strong; prime steers, $9.00@9.25; butchers, $5.75@8.50; bulls, $4.50@6.25; stock heifers, $4.25@4.50; shipping, $7.50@8.65; heifers, $4.75@7.50; cows, $3.00@6.50; stockers and feeders, $4.50@6.75; fresh cows and springers, strong, $35.00@75.00. Veals—Receipts, 1,000; active, $4.00@10.50. Hogs—Receipts, 25,600; slow; heavy, $8.10@8.25; mixed, $7.90@8.00; Yorkers, $7.25@8.00; pigs, $6.75@7.00; roughs, $7.00@7.25; stags, $5.00@6.50; dairies and grassers, $7.25@7.75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 24,000; active; lambs, $4.50@6.85; yearlings, $5.25@5.50; wethers, $4.50@4.75; ewes, $2.00@4.00; sheep, mixed, $3.00@4.25.

Cotton.

New York, Oct. 28.—Cotton futures opened barely steady: October, 10.38c; December, 10.61c; January, 10.58c; February, 10.67c; March, 10.78c; May, 10.86c; June, 10.87c; July, 10.89c; August, 10.84c; September, 10.74c.

The cotton market opened barely steady at a decline of 2 to 7 points under scattered liquidation and local selling encouraged by lower cables and favorable weather in the south over Sunday. Active months sold about 9 to 10 points net lower during the early trading, but there was a good demand at this decline, partly from leading spot brokers, and prices later rallied on unfavorable weather forecasts, reports of a continued steady spot situation and talk of an improvement in the outlook for a settlement of the troubles in the Balkans. Prices during the middle of the morning were within 3 or 4 points of Saturday's closing figures.

Rumors that a prominent traveling crop expert estimated the yield at 15,000,000 bales, were accompanied by selling orders from Memphis, but the market continued generally steady late in the forenoon with January and March contracts selling a point or two above the final figures of last week.

Spot quiet; middling uplands, 11.25c nominal.

Estimated receipts at all the ports today, 70,000 bales, against 74,625 last week and 81,556 last year. For the week, 525,000 bales, against 516,282 last week and 498,344 last year. Today's receipts at Galveston, 26,986 bales, against 26,122 last year; at New Orleans, 9,141 bales, against 11,407 last year, and at Houston, 32,582 bales, against 24,540 last year.

Continued covering and trade buying sent the market about 9 to 11 points higher during the early afternoon and while realizing checked the advance around 10.76c for January the market held very steady within 2 or 3 points of the best.

Cotton futures closed steady and quiet. Closing bids: October, 10.49c; November, 10.51c; December, 10.76c; January, 10.76c; February, 10.84c; March, 10.93c; May, 10.98c; June, 11.00c; July, 11.02c; August, 10.06c; September, 10.75c.

Electrical Farming.

Very successful efforts have been obtained by William Stahl, of Evanston, Ill., in his efforts to facilitate the growth of vegetables and grain by the use of electricity. He has a network of wires spread over his farm at a point about eight feet above the surface, and after the seeds have been planted a current of electricity is maintained constantly passing through these, and in this manner the air is kept in a constantly charged condition. At times the polarity of the wires and ground is charged so that sometimes the earth is the negative terminal and at other times the wires are. Specimens grown almost side by side, except that some were in the field of electric influence and others were not, have made a great showing in favor of the use of the current. The gentleman is an electrician as well as a farmer, and he is convinced that electrical farming is a commercial and practical success.

Plants Have Senses.

Harper's Weekly.

The sense most developed in plants is that of sight, which enables them to see light but not distinguish objects. This sense limitation is found among many living creatures, such as the earthworm, oyster, and coral, etc., which possess no localized visual organ but give proof of their luminous impressions by the contractions that they manifest when exposed to a ray of sunshine. Similarly, it is easy to gauge the influence of light on plants. Cultivate a plant in a room with a window only on one side and its stalks in growing will incline toward the source of light. Physiologists explain this by suggesting that the side to the dark grows more quickly than that exposed to the light. There remains, however, the fact that the plant has reacted to the light, of whose effect it was conscious.

A sense common to many plants is that of touch. Of this the most illustrative example is, as its name implies, the sensitive plant. Another leaf, responsive to the touch, is the catch-fly, whose two halves close down one upon the other by means of a central hinge.

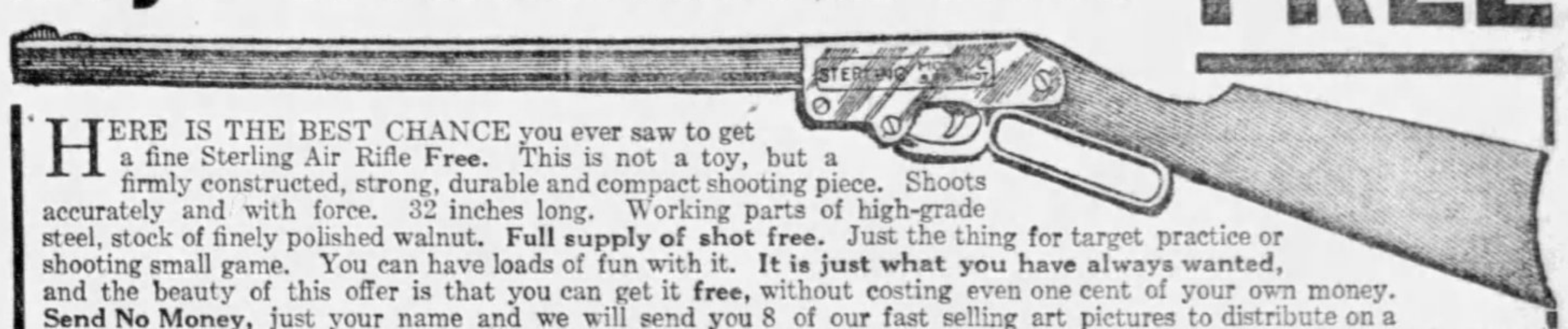
Put Babies Under Spouts.

Harper's Weekly.

The native mothers in the neighborhood of Simla, in India, have a curious practice of putting their babies' heads under a spout of water in order to send the youngsters to sleep and to keep them quiet. When a new cart road was made, some years ago, in the locality mentioned, there was a halting place where rows of such children might be seen in a grove close to the road.

The water of a hill spring was so adjusted as to furnish a series of little spouts, each about the thickness of one's little finger. Opposite each spout was a kind of earth pillow and a little trough to carry away the water. Each child was so laid that one of the water spouts played on the top of its head, and the water then [illegible] trough.

An English official testifies that the process was most successful. There never was such quiet and untroublesome babies as those under the spouts. The people were unanimous in asserting that the water did the children no harm, but that, on the contrary, it benefited and invigorated them. In fact, they seemed to think that a child not subjected to this process must grow up soft brained and of little account.



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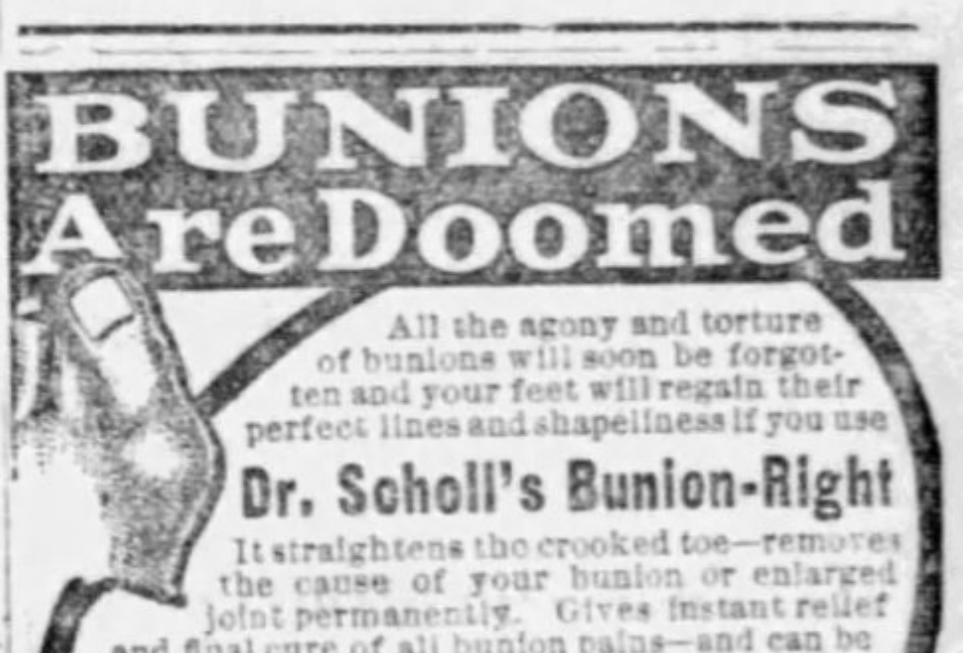

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Do you know, my friend, that there is a wonderful new way to apply a certain, great, natural FORCE to your body and by which you may, without effort, trouble or inconvenience, treat your own self in the privacy of your home for debility and lost vitality, without using a single drug or medicine? This great FORCE, as a restorer of vitality and as a means to overcome those weaknesses which result from indiscretions and unnatural practices, is today being used all over the civilized world, and I give it as my honest opinion, based upon a vast observation and study, that any man anywhere, who leads a decent, manly life and who applies this marvelous FORCE in a scientific and rational way, can without employing a single drug, be restored again to a state of perfect, rugged health and vigor, without a remaining ache, pain or weakness.

As we all know, these various debilitating weaknesses handicap a man in every condition of life, while, on the other hand, a perfect specimen of vigorous, robust, lusty manhood is ever admired by both women and men alike, while, of course, it is certainly only such a man who can attain the really great successes of life. Therefore, I say to you, no matter what your size, whether you are small or large, no matter what your occupation, no matter whether you are a college graduate or working on the farm or in the factory, no matter whether you are young or elderly, it is all a question of your vigor and your vitality, and if I can give you a good, abundant supply of this same great power of VITAL FORCE, then it is easy to believe that I can completely restore your vigorous health, can overcome the evil effects of past indiscretions so you will be exactly the same in your influence over people, exactly the same in your manly bearing as other manly, strong-nerved, warm-blooded fellows of your acquaintance.

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The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

Pin Money Corner

Here are more pin money ideas. I like them so well that I can't wait to tell you about how helpful I think this corner is going to be, but just have to start right out with these ideas.

Here is the first: Grapefruit marmalade is easily made and nice to serve with muffins. It sells for 20 cents a glass, but can be made at an expense of only five cents a glass. You, who choose this method will find a ready market for your wares.

Making black cambric aprons, for saleswomen and stenographers, with the black cuffs to match, for the protection of white sleeves means a nice income. The sets can be sold for 35 cents. The cost of the material will be about 10 or 12 cents a yard.

Why not make in your own home a toy market for the children, if you live in a medium sized town or even a small village? Carry a line of a few dolls, for whom you have made complete outfits, even to the little accessories, such as doll's gloves, shoes, hats, etc. The work on these things is fascinating and the results profitable.

The figures on magazine covers clipped and pasted on colored cardboards make attractive posters which can be sold to bazaars and organizations which need such things to advertise entertainments.

Making up dainty luncheons and selling them at railway stations as the trains go through is a profitable source of income. Making up luncheons to be sold at factories and offices is another development of the same idea.

Both as workers in home gardens, and as teachers of gardening combined with nature study in schools, women have a new field. Market gardening is good for women, but it requires capital. Specializing on violets or some popular flower and raising nothing else is usually profitable. Run a violet farm on your spare land, and sell your violets if you are near a market for fresh flowers. If you are not, use your flowers for the making of perfumes, or supply some perfumer who wishes the flowers.

They say that there is nothing in the world that cannot be made to yield a profit if we are determined to make it. The old scraps that we have in the attic and that we have been saving for months. What are they good for? The empty piece of land back of the barn. What can we make from that? The little talent for pasting, or sewing or baking, what can we do with that? The spare hour that we have nothing that really fills. What can we make that hour yield?

We each one of us owe to ourselves to make the most out of life that we can. For those of the sisters who have children there are a hundred things that the children need which they would like to be able to give them. How are they going to do it if they do not find some way to earn a little extra money? For the women without children there may be a hundred ways that they could use money. Now this corner is built for the woman who feels that she must have more money and yet who does not know how to earn it. She needs someone to tell her where she can market the scraps in the attic, or the talent, or the spare hour. She needs someone to tell her how to make them marketable. And that is what this corner purposes to do. It is going to try and tell everyone of you who wants to know, where you can market your labor and how you can make it more marketable.

You have only to write to me. Perhaps you have not any particular talent. Perhaps all that you have is a desire, that has been lying dormant, to make a little money. Perhaps the purpose of this corner has crystallized this idea until you definitely want to know how you can make a little more money. Or perhaps you are still wandering in the dark, merely thinking that you would like to know how you could make a bit of pin money, but thinking that it is useless anyway and that the best thing you can do is simply to forget that you ever had a dream or an ambition. This corner is built for people just like you that feel that way. Write anyway. Tell me what you think you are most fitted for. Tell me what you like to do best. Tell me the nearest big town and what you know of the market for your particular sort of labor there. And to the best of my ability I will put you on the right track and see if I can't set you on the way to making a little extra money for all the things women want.

I have had a letter from a woman out in Arkansas asking me about a market for lace insertion and edging. I hope to have some information shortly that will be of assistance to her.

Ask me any questions that you want. Those that I can I will answer through the page. Those that are outside of the newspaper rules will be answered personally if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Be sure and address your letters to the Pin Money Corner, Weekly Blade. It will save you time in getting a reply.

Let's make this winter profitable. And the sooner we start the better chance we have for making it count for something. And when the letters begin to pour in it will take time to answer them all. So those who write early will find themselves in a better position than those who wait for someone else to lead.

I am always at your service—Martha Holden.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:
Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good cheer.

A DUSTLESS DUSTER

Dear Friends of the Cozy Corner—Get some paraffine oil, about 10 cents' worth, and a square of cheesecloth and you have the foundation of a dustless duster. Soak the cheesecloth in the oil for several hours, then squeeze all the oil out of it and save the surplus for next time. This cloth serves the double purpose of polishing and dusting and will last for a long time.—Mrs. L. S. Telford, Centralia, Ill.

I am very grateful for this very practical suggestion. If you have any other hints, won't you send some of them?—Martha Holden.

FOR THE NEW YORK GIRL

Dear New York Girl—This poem was sent to be published for you by A. A. Johnson, of Trenton, Neb., and so I am passing it on to you.—The Editor.

THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN

I want the old-time garden,
The dear sweet-scented flowers,
With yellow bees a-buzzin'
Through all the peaceful hours.

That gate that hung a bit awry
For little feet a-swingin',
The sod beneath the lilac bush
With early violets springin'.

Low pinks 'nd bouncin' betties,
An' marigolds in rows,
Wee, snowy, sweet alyssum,
An' dainty button rose.

White phlox like girls in weddin' clothes,
Red poppies swayin' light,
And perky, gay snap-dragons
In velvet coats bedight.

The very names are music,
Like elf horns blown in dreams.
They're swayin' now before my eyes
Till each a presence seems.

If God gives me no garden
In answer to my prayer,
But just keeps me a-waitin'
Till I get over there,

The first thing I will ask for
An' keep on askin', too—
Will be an old-time garden
All shinin' with the dew,

An' hummin' birds an' butterflies,
An' I among 'em kneeling';
'Twould even give to heaven, I think,
A kind o' homey feelin'.
—Alice E. Ives, in Harper's Weekly.

"LOYAL SONS OF AMERICA"

Dear Blade Friends—In some inexplicable manner our last week's Blade was mislaid and I missed the Peace Page. No telling how many good things I've missed, nor how many familiar names. I've been watching the pros and cons of the suffrage topic, but I am not a suffragist, as I decidedly do not want to vote. I have failed to see any good resulting from trials of it. Yet to those who do feel they should share the ballot with the "men folks" I'll say, "I wish you could, too." If it could only be arranged so those wanting to vote could and those not so desiring would feel no responsibility, wouldn't it be nice? For my part, if I rear my sons to be loyal sons of America in all that it implies I'll be doing my "part," and then instilling some domestic science rudiments into their sisters' heads will help to keep me busy and from yearning after man's privileges. The Christian people of this state are engaged in a battle this year over the liquor question, and we are hoping for great things. I am writing tonight while I am awaiting the return of a part of the family who have gone to a meeting of our Ratification Club. Some speakers from a distance are to be there. Pastors of all churches are working shoulder to shoulder in this common cause. My little ones are asleep. The 6-year-old was so sleepy he got tangled up in his "Now I lay me," and after repeating part over a couple of times finished up with "That's all. Good-bye." Our fall work is nearly done. A few mangoes to fill yet and some tomato catsup to finish and we will be done with that kind of work, and our sewing is nearing completion. Next week school begins. Late of course, but these big boys can go late in the spring easier than early in the fall. The little folks are eager to start and then comes the vexing question of a lunch. What one likes, the other doesn't. Won't some mother of experience send some suggestions? But pray don't be too elaborate or I'll fall down in the making use of them. Won't Rose C., Nancy Cozart and some others from this state drop in oftener? Where are you, Kitty Kern?—Nellie R. N., of West Virginia.

Our Correspondents

Now that the days are growing shorter, I find that occupations for the long winter evenings are beginning to loom up large. And as a suggestion why don't the Peace Page sisters use some of these evenings to write long letters to us so that we may grow well acquainted with each other in this long winter that is coming? The summer has kept us all busy. There has been much to do out doors and every bright hour of the sunny world has been an invitation and a lure. But winter is the time for tying up the loose ends of friendship. So let's tie up some of ours this winter. Let's get into close touch with each other and see just how close a tie we can form for each other in the gray season.—Martha Holden.

Mrs. H. E. M., of Illinois, wants a recipe for making vinegar candy and also one for seasoning boiled cabbage with milk and vinegar so that the milk will not curdle.

The enemy you forgot has been more successfully dealt with than the one with whom you tried to get even. Did you ever think of it that way?

Mrs. Dora Belch sends word to the sister who asked for a way to keep sulphured apples that she keeps hers in the cellar, as it is very dry, and that she seldom has any moldy pieces.

Thank you, Nellie R. N., of West Virginia, for the suggestions you sent me in regard to the sulphured apples. The spirit of complete helpfulness that you bring to this page is a lovable thing. I wish I knew you!

The luxury that becomes a necessity raises the high cost of living. We are prone in this day and age to make too much of our luxuries, and instead of becoming the master of trifles we are mastered by them.

An old reader from Snohomish, Washington, wants to know "if the readers of The Blade would like to know how to keep from 500 to 10,000 cabbages just as fresh through the winter until May as the day they were picked?" He found out in the last year he farmed in the east after 10 years of failures.

GIFTS FOR BABIES

When doubtful what to give the new baby, try to make a glorified mosquito netting of fine Brussels net, bound with white ribbon.

Get the double-width net. This is sometimes two yards wide, again a yard and a half. According to the width, buy enough to make a square. Bind the edges with three-inch white ribbon, folded to the same width on both sides.

The ribbon can be sewed on by machine, but is daintier if finely featherstitched in white, pale blue, or pink embroidery silk. A fluffy rosette can be put in one corner, but is not very practical, and will probably be ripped off by the mother.

Another useful gift for the outdoor baby is a little hooded garment for chill summer days.

Make a bag or case five-eighths of a yard wide at the bottom and a yard long. Slope the side seams to the shoulder seam, which is also squared across, but 12 inches wide. Cut one side of front wider than the other so that it laps three inches when buttoned.

Bind edge with two-inch satin ribbon, which is also used around front of hood. Put buttons on under side of front and buttonholes just inside the binding. The bag is opened from neck to hem, so baby can be slipped in.

Cakes split in the center and burst open if the heat on the top is too hot, baking them too quickly.

More cakes fail from "guessing" at proportions than is generally supposed. Use a divided and marked cup, and weigh accurately.

The REALLY TRULY STORIES

Brown-faced, merry-eyed shepherds and quaint little pink and white shepherdesses came skipping out from under the brush of a very great man almost 200 years ago, onto all sorts of canvas pictures. Some of them were walking in country lanes; some of them were dancing in wonderful French gardens, but they were all dainty and droll and lovely like the figures painted on a big lace fan.

This man painted wonderful ladies with powdered hair as white as big fluffy snowdrifts, and pink and white faces like flowers. And all other great painters of his day tried to paint shepherds and shepherdesses as he did. But the little figures of other painters never danced so drolly in their pictures, nor were so lovely as those that this wonderful man painted.

One day he heard a story about Pierrot. Now Pierrot was a man who acted in French pantomimes, where never a word was said, but where, just by laughing or crying or making strange faces, the people who were looking on knew what everyone in the play meant or thought.

Pierrot was dressed in white, loose clothes with enormous white buttons and his face was supposed to be whitened like a clown's. And he was supposed to be very, very bad, a thief and a man who simply never had, never could and never would do a good thing in his life.

This great painter thought a great deal about Pierrot and finally he painted a picture of him. And in the picture he tried to make people see that Pierrot did have a good side to him and that a boy with as queer and quaint a face couldn't be as bad as people said all Pierrots were. And that is the picture you see this week.

And the great painter was Watteau, a great Frenchman, born in 1634, in Valenciennes, France.

How About This?

Hello Everybody!—I am 15 years old and am in the second year of high school, but I love to read the children's letters just the same. Why don't more of you older boys and girls write or aren't we "old people" supposed to write for this corner? I would like to correspond with some of you or exchange post cards. I cannot work now as I burned my hand almost all over the palm and fingers. It is all blistered and hurts dreadfully. I would like more good recipes to be published so that I could fix up new dishes for the table.—Blanche Baker, R. F. D. 20, Buck Creek, Ind.

"I help my mother quite a lot by bringing in wood and wiping dishes which she enjoys having me do," says Leon Nettingham, of N. Y. Lucky mother Leon has.

"I like reading, swimming, skating, baseball and nearly all kinds of outdoor sports. Maybe the 'Blade kids,' as I call them, aren't interested in my sports. If this is true, I will close by asking that every girl from the west who likes horseback riding, swimming, hockey and the like, would write to me," says Harry Boyer, of R. 1, Elkhart, Ind.

Fannie Moser, your editor is very grateful for the card you sent. I have it upon my desk and think of my little friend every time I look at it. Thank you.

A Musician and a Politician

EDLA SOLLER

MISS ANNA MALEY

The type of womanhood developed by present-day conditions, the intelligent, earnest womanhood of this age, is well represented by these two women who lead such different lives and have such varying outlets for their efforts and their energies.

To play one musical instrument and play it well is more than most of us can do. But Ella Soller, known as the "Female Sousa," can play 28 musical instruments and play them well. Besides that she can direct an orchestra, and has come from Sweden to conduct an orchestra of 30 pieces in Philadelphia. She is a strong believer in woman's suffrage, and a brilliant woman in every way. And she is only 23 years old.

That rare creature known as a woman politician is becoming an everyday fact now. Miss Anna Maley, of Everett, has been nominated for governor of Washington by the referendum ballot of the Socialist party. She is in the field campaigning, and it is expected that she will be a close second to the winner in the number of votes received. If the old parties remain split she may possibly be elected, and then Washington will have a woman governor.

MERRY - GO - ROUND

TRY TO:
Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

FICTION READING

The autumn coolness reminds us that winter will soon be here, with its long evenings for work or study. The majority of people are readers and workers also. Their time being limited for reading there is no more important question than what we shall read to attain the best results. When very busy we naturally sit down and think over our work, especially when there are obstacles to be overcome, and perplexities to be thought out. It requires something fascinating to draw the mind from the usual routine and the duties which our necessities impose upon us, and we are prone to avoid what taxes the mind, and seek for entertainment rather. There is nothing more restful and diverting to the mind than a good work of fiction. We like reading, whether article or story, that holds up the mirror to life, its joys and sorrows, its motives and experiences. A mine of entertainment, a world of enchantment are hidden away in the best fiction, forming as it does a great part of standard literature. Having formed a taste for what is best in thought and language we are quick to detect the lack of these in others. It is said that novels read better in environments similar to those of the story and that a change in surroundings or circumstances will bring about an enjoyment of a novel not before appreciated. But if we read sympathetically we can in imagination (to which all real life is an aid) enjoy a change of people, place and circumstances and come back to the usual routine, rested and refreshed. The danger in reading novels is in reading poor ones and in reading to excess. Plot and character of the different stories intermingle, the mind is confused and the memory clouded. Perhaps tears are shed for imaginary woes, while real trouble goes unheeded about us. All interest is lost in solid reading or other forms of entertainment. Another form of reading which is of an injurious nature is the reading of sensational accounts and details of crime as given in the daily newspapers. If we read for information only, perhaps we would not read at all. If we read for information there is the dictionary, the encyclopedia and even the almanac. An instructor I once knew said that if we knew all that was in the almanac we would know a great deal. He verified by observation the changes of the moon and of the planets, as recorded. He made a special study of the moon and could tell many interesting things about it. There is no question as to the information to be gained from the dictionary and encyclopedia, but we would be ardent lovers of learning, indeed, to devote every spare moment to its acquirement. This reminds me that the class of Chautauqua, graduates of the year 1894, of which I was a member, were called Philomatheans, or lovers of learning. This course of reading lays a good foundation for much solid reading which I have not been able to follow up. Like many of the studies we have in school that we have not much use for in after life, that as the years pass we see the value of though we underrated them in earlier life. Life may be too full of work for reading or study. Or those who might have leisure for it have their time taken up with social affairs, shopping and strenuous study of the fashion plates. One of Buster Brown's wise and amusing reflections was, "that if the carpet were worn out as much before the book case as the looking glass we would know more." No doubt woman's suffrage would create an interest in big questions of the day, would promote an interest in solid reading and broaden the view by creating an "interest" in the general good. And if not too strong a politician there would be created an interest in the upbuilding of people instead of the spirit of personal detraction that now prevails. The danger from novel reading is not so great as formerly. There are the increased facilities for travel, and the moving picture show. With the wonder of real life before us there is less desire for fictitious events and imaginings. There are histories, biographies and science of nature study which if not over burdened with details, dry facts or technicalities are as fascinating as fiction. There are the school libraries with their little classics for children. We all know some persons who never read a novel. Perhaps these, like the Irishman who debated the question at a country literary society, think "the naked truth is better," and they find it stranger than fiction. It is well to read what helps us in our daily work and what helps us in our daily life. We need the humorous to avert the tragic in small things, and whatever instructs, ennobles and gives to life new meaning. We can judge of the good of what we read by its influence upon us. To elevate thought and life there are many great books, and above all others, the Book of Books.—Aunt Florence, of Ohio.

TO PACK EGGS FOR WINTER

This method is well tried:

Take one pint air slacked lime, one-half pint salt and two gallons water. Have eggs well covered with the mixture.

I have put up eggs in this way in September and October and used the last of them the following May and June.

How to Make Better Cough Syrup than You Can Buy

A Family Supply, Saving $2 and Fully Guaranteed.

A full pint of cough syrup—as much as you could buy for $2.50—can easily be made at home. You will find nothing that takes hold of an obstainte cough more quickly, usually ending it inside of 24 hours. Excellent, too, for croup, whooping cough, sore lungs, asthma, hoarseness and other throat troubles.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir for 2 minutes. Put 2¼ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents worth) in a pint bottle, then add the Sugar Syrup. It keeps perfectly. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours.

This is just laxative enough to help cure a cough. Also stimulates the appetite, which is usually upset by a cough. The taste is pleasant.

The effect of pine and sugar syrup on the inflamed membranes is well known. Pinex is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and all the natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this formula.

The Pinex and Sugar Syrup recipe is now used by thousands of housewives throughout the United States and Canada. The plan has been imitated, but the old successful formula has never been equaled.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., 242 Main St., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

OUR COOK BOOK

Beef Scallops.

Any scraps of cold beef, one teaspoonful of lemon peel, onion and parsley, all finely mixed, a few cold potatoes, mashed; pepper and salt, a small piece of butter, a very little gravy.

Mince the beef finely, add to it the rest of the ingredients, with the exception of the potatoes and butter.

Stir the mixture over the fire, then put in buttered shells and spread over each one a layer of the mashed potato.

Bake in the oven until the potatoes are nicely browned and serve very hot.

Scraps of ham or veal can be used in the same way, and are simply delicious.—F. E., California.

Green Tomato Chutney.

Ten pounds green tomatoes, two pounds sugar, two quarts vinegar, two pounds sliced onions, a little cayenne, a quarter of an ounce ground cloves, allspice, cinnamon and peppercorns.

Slice the tomatoes into an earthenware dish, sprinkle each layer with salt and let it remain for 12 hours. Then put into an enameled pan the sugar, vinegar, sliced onion, cloves, and the other spices, according to taste. Let all boil until the onions are tender, then add the tomatoes strained from moisture. Simmer gently until thoroughly cooked and transparent. Place in bottles, tie over with bladders and keep in a cool place.—Mrs. J. H., Ohio.

Southern Corn Bread.

One quart of white corn meal, one level teaspoonful salt, one heaping tablespoonful lard, one pint milk. Pour enough boiling water over the meal to scald it through and through without making it either a thick dough or a thin batter. It should be rather dry. Add the melted lard. Dissolve the soda in the milk and add to the meal. Turn into a greased shallow pan and bake about 35 minutes in a hot oven.

Oysters and Macaroni.

For two dozen fine oysters allow a quarter pound macaroni cut into short pieces and cooked in boiling salted water. Put a layer of oysters, dusting with salt and pepper and dotting with bits of butter. Proceed in this way, macaroni and oysters, until all is used, leaving the last layer macaroni. Sprinkle with three level tablespoonfuls grated Parmesan cheese or broken bits of rich American cheese, cover with dry buttered crumbs and bake about 20 minutes, or until the crust is a nice brown.

Lamb Stewed With Peas.

Cut the scrag or breast of lamb in pieces, put in a stew pan with just enough water to cover it. Cover the pan and let it simmer or stew 1½ hours. Take off the scum, add a tablespoonful of salt and a can of peas. Cover the stew pan and let them stew for 10 minutes. Mix tablespoon of flour with a quarter pound butter and stir with the stew. Let it simmer for 10 minutes. Serve with potatoes boiled; add a little mace and pepper, if you like these flavors.

Peach Kisses.

Beat the whites of three eggs until very stiff, add one-half teaspoonful vanilla extract, then sift one cup pulverized sugar and fold in very lightly, but do not beat. Cover bake sheet, or shallow pan, with wax paper and drop the mixture on in tablespoonfuls some distance apart. Dust with pulversized sugar liberally. Put into cool oven 45 minutes.

They should be very dry and delicately colored. When cool remove from the paper, place on sauce dish or large plate and remove a little of the top. They should be hollow.

Crush the peaches and sweeten to taste; mix with a little whipped cream and fill the kisses. Serve with a teaspoon of whipped cream on top.

POETS' CORNER

CALEB'S COURTSHIP

I hadn't no time for courtin'
When I was young and spry.
But what with workin' and savin'
I let the years go by;
And then I was buyin' and buildin',
And farm work never gets done,
Till at last I counted my birthdays
And found I was fifty-one.

"High time," says I, "to be choosin'
A suitable partner for life."
So I just sot down and considered
Where I'd better look for a wife.
I wanted her young and handsome
Of course, and steady and neat,
Smart at bakin' and churnin',
Quick with her hands and feet,
But slow with her tongue, for talkin'
Just wastes a woman's time,
And as savin' with every penny
As though 'twere a silver dime;
And if she were good at mendin'
And scrubbin' and cleanin' house,
I made up my mind to take her
If she were as poor as a mouse.

At last after lookin' and thinkin'
I settled on Eunice Stout,
The deacon's youngest daughter,
Nineteen or thereabout.
Pretty? Yes, as a picture,
And made the best butter, too,
That was ever taken to market.
Sez I, "I guess she'll do."
But now that I'd done my choosin',
I said to myself, "What next?"
I didn't know much about courtin'
And I'll own I was much perplexed.
So I asked advice of a neighbor—
That was the biggest mistake.
Things mightn't have gone so crooked
If I hadn't said nothin' to Jake.
But he was twenty years younger
And the girls all liked him, you see,
So I asked his advice about Eunice,
Just like a fool, as I be.

"Why, man," sez he, "it is easy;
You must take her out to ride,
You must stick close by her,
You must go to see her of evenin's beside,
And buy her some pretty things,
A book or breastpin, maybe,
Some ribbons or some rings.
Tell her 'her cheeks are rosy,'
Tell her 'her eyes are bright,'
Tell her 'yo love her dearly'
And 'dream of her at night;'
Tell her—" but here I stopped him.
"It's easy talkin," sez I.
"But I never did no courtin',
And I am half afeered to try.
But I'll make ye an offer, Jacob.
If ye'll go with me tonight
And sort of keep up my courage
And see that things go right,
Tackle the deacon, maybe,
And show me how to begin,
I'll give ye a yearlin' calf,
I will, sure as sin is sin."

Well, the bargain was struck;
Me and Jacob went to see Eunice together;
Jake he talked to the deacon
About crops and cattle and weather,
But Eunice kept very quiet,
Just sot and knitted away,
And I sot close beside her,
Thinkin' of somethin' to say.
Many an evenin' I noticed
When she went for apple and cake
Into the pantry 'twas always:
"Come hold the candle, Jake."
As if she counted him nobody,
And then she'd give me a smile
As soon as I'd offer to help her
An' say 'twern't worth my while.

I own 'twas quite surprisin'
How long they'd have to stay,
A-pickin' out them apples,
But Jake told me one day
They was tryin' to find the big ones
So's she could give them to me.
But surely that was flatterin'
As any one could see.
Once I bought her a ribbon;
Jake said it orter be blue,
But a brown one is far more lastin',
And this one was cheaper, too.

Once I took her out ridin',
But that wasted half a day,
And I made up my mind that
Walkin' was pleasanter, anyway.
Well, we'd been six months courtin'
When I sez to Jake, sez I,
"It's time that we was married,
Thanksgivin's drawin' nigh,
A first rate day for a weddin',
And besides, to say the least,
I can make that Thanksgivin' turkey
Do for part of the weedin' feast."

So that night I mustered courage
To the very stickin' point.
You wouldn't never mistrusted
That I shook in every joint.
We was comin' home from meetin'
When I said "I'd like to say
That you haven't any objection to
Be married Thanksgivin' day?"
She looked at me smilin' and blushin',
As red as a rose and as sweet,
I scarcely knew for a moment
If I stood on my hands or my feet.
"I haven't the least objection."
She said, as she opened the gate,
But she never asked me to stop.
She only said, "It's gettin' rather late."

I looked all around for Jacob,
But he kinder slipped out of sight,
So I figured the cost of the weddin'
As I went along home that night.
I got my house all ready
And spoke to the parson besides,
And early Thanksgivin' mornin'
I went to have the knot tied.
I was comin' along by the deacon's,
Walkin' along quite spry,
All dressed in my Sunday best, of course;
A sleigh came dashin' by
There was that Jacob a-drivin'
And Eunice at his side.
He said, "Allow me
To introduce my bride."
So that was the end of my courtship.
You see I started wrong,
Askin' advice of Jacob
And takin' him along.
For a team may be better for plowin'
And hayin' and all the rest,
But when it comes to courtin',
Why, a single hoss is best.

"I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE"

I'se gwine back to Dixie.
No more I'se gwine to wander,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
I can't stay here no longer;
I miss de ole plantations,
My home and my relations,
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

CHORUS.

I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine where the orange blossoms grow,
For I hear the children calling,
And see their sad tears falling,
My heart's turned back to Dixie and I must go.

I've hoed in fields of cotton,
I've worked upon the river,
I used to think if I got off,
I'd go back there no never,
But time has changed the old man,
His head is bending low;
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

I'm traveling back to Dixie,
My step is slow and feeble;
I pray the Lord to help me,
And lead me from all evil,
And should my strength forsake me,
Then kind friends come and take me;
My heart's turned back to Dixie,
And I must go.

A STAND ON WHEELS

I find one of my greatest conveniences a stand on wheels or casters, writes a contributer to Farm and Fireside. It was easily made, but the steps and strength that it saves makes it invaluable. Take an ordinary washstand or small parlor table and bore a hole in the bottom of each leg, large enough to insert a caster. Around the edges of the top strips of wood about one inch in width should be fastened to prevent any article from slipping off. The whole might then be painted a desirable shade. It is so easily pushed that it takes but little strength to move it from the dining room to the kitchen, even though it be loaded with dishes. Of course, there are numerous other uses, but only the housewife who has one can know them.

THE MODEL CHURCH

By John H. Yates.

Well, wife, I've found the model church. I've worshiped there today!
It made me think of good old times before my hair was gray.
The meetin'-house was fixed up more than they were years ago,
But then I felt when I went in it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me way back by the door.
He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor.
He must have been a Christian, for he led me through
The long aisle of that crowded church to find a place and pew.

I wish you'd heard that singin'—it had the old-time ring.
The preacher said with trumpet voice, "Let all the people sing."
The tune was Coronation, and the music upward rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angels striking on their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away, my spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir,
And sang as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to hear that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore.
I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form
And anchor in the blessed port forever from the storm.

The preacher? Well, I can't just tell all the preacher said,
I know it wasn't written, I know it wasn't read;
He hadn't time to read it, for the lightnin' from his eye
Went flashin' 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery, 'twas simple Gospel truth,
It fitted poor old men like me, it fitted hopeful youth,
'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed,
'Twas full of invitation to Christ, and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gentile and in Jew;
He shot the golden sentences down in the finest pew,
And though I can't see very well, I saw the falling tear
That told me hell was some way off and heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled within that holy place!
How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face!
Again I longed for that sweet time when friend shall meet with friend,
"Where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end."

I hope to meet the minister—the congregation, too—
In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's blue.
I doubht not I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray,
The happy hour of worship in the model church today.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought, the victory be won;
The shinin' goal is just ahead; the race is nearly run.
O'er the river we are nearin' they are throngin' to the shore
To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

POEMS REQUESTED

St. Nicholas.
Come All My Young Friends.
Drudgery.
Please Don't Put Me Off the Train.
The First Pair of Boots That I Had When a Boy.
All Is Quiet Along the Potomac.
Sam Boiss.
Juanita.
Patrick, Mind the Baby.
Not One to Welcome Me Home.
The Railroad Through the Farm.
My True Love Is a Soldier in the Army of Today.
The Bridal Morn.
Whittier's poem, "School Days."
John Brown's Body.
The First Thanksgiving Day.
Rainbow (a piece arranged for seven little girls and ending "Our rain [reign] is over, but where is the crock of money?")
Aunt Dorothy's Christmas Eve, by Isabel Gilman.
Work, by W. Maxwell.
The Cumberland Crew.

WOMAN SICK TWELVE YEARS

Wants Other Women to Know How She Was Finally Restored to Health.

Louisiana, Mo.:—"I think a woman naturally dislikes to make her troubles known to the public, but complete restoration to health means so much to me that I cannot keep from telling mine for the sake of other suffering women.

"I had been sick about twelve years, and had eleven doctors. I had dragging down pains, pains at monthly periods, bilious spells, and was getting worse all the time. I would hardly get over one spell when I would be sick again. No tongue can tell what I suffered from cramps, and at times I could hardly walk. The doctors said I might die at one of those times, but I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and got better right away. Your valuable medicine is worth more than mountains of gold to suffering women."—Mrs. BERTHA MUFF, 503 N. 4th Street, Louisiana, Mo.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

PARENTS FORGIVE AIRSHIP ELOPERS

Young Couple Flies From Ft. Wayne to Hillsdale, Mich., to Wed.

Fort Wayne, Oct. 28.—The parents of Art Smith and Mrs. Smith, who until Saturday was Miss Almee Cour, of Fort Wayne, Ind., have bowed to progress and wired their forgivness to the couple. The husband is 19 and his wife 18. Both are too young, in the opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Cour and Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Sr., and the girl was told she would have to wait.

But Miss Cour did not want to wait, and when Art, who is the youngest aviator in Fort Wayne, suggested elopement by aeroplane she could not resist. Beside, he told her, she couldn't ride unless she would agree to get married.

Mrs. Smith balked on returning to Fort Wayne by aeroplane, remembering a small breakdown on the way to Hillsdale, where they were married. Mr. Smith balked on returning at all until he had some definite idea of what his parents and the Cour family would say to him. The arrival of forgiveness and a train bound for Fort Wayne overcame both objections.

The Scheme Worked.

On Saturday Smith set up his biplane which had been stored after an exhibition here a week before and announced that he would fly to Auburn, Ind., to test out some new parts fitted to the engine. The girl asked to accompany him and this was part of their scheme to get away without attracting attention.

At Hillsdale Smith chose a field in which to land and did not discover until he was nearly down that it had been freshly plowed. He saw he was in for it and, after bidding the girl to hold tight and not to attempt to jump, he struck the ground. The machine was badly damaged and he came out with a sprained ankle, while the young woman was severely bruised and scratched. They went to a hotel, had their injuries dressed and were married at 10 o'clock.

Sweethearts in School.

The two have been sweethearts since they attended school together. Smith entered an architect's office as a draughtsman, but he became imbued with the flying machine idea and would not rest until his parents consented to let him mould a machine. He finished it after months of hard work and made one or two flights, but something was wrong and in his first public exhibition he smashed it. At that time his parents had mortgaged their property and advanced him $1,500. He repaired his plane and took it to Texas, where he was caught in a gust of wind and he fell and the machine was wrecked entirely.

He saw the work of a year and his parents' money in a scrap heap, but he didn't give up, and when he returned to Fort Wayne he borrowed money from a local capitalist and got hold of a Curtiss type machine and went west, giving exhibitions. A month ago he returned here, gave his parents the money they had advanced him, paid the borrowed capital and had a nice bank account left.

Girl Is First Passenger.

The girl worked in the meantime in a bindery and when her lover returned he redeemed a promise made to her that she should be the first woman passenger. This promise was redeemed in a public exhibition here a week before the elopement.

EDITORIAL SPLITS STAFF

Collier's Editor Quits When Owner Lauds Roosevelt.

Because Robert Collier, owner of Collier's Weekly, wrote and had printed an editorial which eulogized Col. Roosevelt as a man, Norman F. Hapgood, for many years editor of that periodical, quit his job. Hapgood is an ardent supporter of Gov. Wilson, and through him the Weekly has been advocating the New Jerseyman's election to the presidency. Mr. Collier has assumed the editorship himself. The editorial which brought the internal difficulties to a focus follows:

A Man.

Theodore Roosevelt is a fairly close presentment of what this nation likes to call a man. Such faults as faultfinders like ourselves have been able to descry in him are faults of the highly tempered, hasty, and not always reasonable nation which selected him to govern it. No man probably could have risen so high in American politics and emerged as stainless from his early struggles. No man could have used his power with a larger moral usefulness to his whole people. And we doubt whether any man in history has undertaken late in life as high an unselfish venture in the field of politics as the Bull Moose. It is fortunate that those who value lightly the important things of life—courage, personal honor, and the well-being of those about them, and who guard closely safety, comfort, and their pocketbook—are almost the only Americans cynical enough to disbelieve in the honesty of Theodore Roosevelt's words within five minutes of an attempt upon his life:

Friends, I want to say this about myself: I have too many important things to think about to pay heed or to feel concern over my own death.

Collier's is not so hypercritical that it cannot recognize a man.

GLADDEN DESERTS WILSON

Noted Columbus Publicist Tells Why He Prefers Roosevelt.

Columbus, Oct. 24.—In a public statement today, Rev. Washington Gladden, Columbus preacher, editor and publicist of national reputation, aligned himself with the Progressive party and announced his decision to vote for Colonel Roosevelt for president.

When Woodrow Wilson was nominated by the Democrats he was strongly inclined to support him, Dr. Gladden says. Since then, however, the Progressive party was born and the inadequacy of the Wilson trust program has become so apparent that he has decided to cast his lot with the Progressives, who, he believes, present a rational and effective method of controlling monopolies.

JEWS SAY THEY'LL TRY ERIN

Agents Are Said to Have Already Visited Isle.

Dublin, Oct. 25.—"Ireland for the Jews" is the latest cry of a section of the Hebrew race. It was discussed at the recent international Jewish congress at Vienna.

Very little has transpired of the doings at that congress, but it is known that much time was spent in considering the giving of a territorial organization to the Jews. Canada, Brazil, Turkey, Portugal and various sections of the United States were considered as suitable Jewish gathering grounds—and then the advantages of Ireland were surveyed.

Delegates enlarged on Erin's rich soil, mild climate and dwindling population. But over all the debates there was felt that inherent yearning for Palestine and the re-erection of the temple of Jerusalem.

JUMPED INTO THE OCEAN

Could Not Meet Girl Who Didn't Care.

New York, Oct. 25.—Somewhere down in the fighting zone in Mexico is a girl who doesn't care, and somewhere in the Atlantic ocean, the sport of the careless tides, is the man who did care.

Koenig Albert, of the North German Lloyd, in port today from Almira, Spain, had as passengers two Spanish youths, Emilio Bonpadre and Antonio Sclapio. They were from the same little village in Navarre and were bound for the town of Xichocopian, Mexico.

Emilio did not know that Antonio was aboard until the first day out, when the steerage passengers began to get acquainted. When the two fellow townsmen met there was an unasked question in the eyes of each. They talked about every conceivable topic except their bourne, and finally on October 15, when the German ship was in midatlantic, Emilio boldly brought up the forbidden subject.

"I am going to meet my Dolores in Xichocopian," Antonio said. "She is my promised bride."

"And I am going to meet my Dolores in Xichocopian," Emilio also replied. "She is my promised bride."

Emilio insisted Antonio must be mistaken. His Dolores, he said, was the one who left the village in Navarre a year ago to go with her father to Mexico. Before she had departed she had plighted her troth with a kiss and whispered words under the fig tree in her father's garden.

Antonio brought from the breast pocket of his coat a letter. It was full of endearing terms. It burned with yearning. Its writer could only count the days, as she counted the beads on her rosary, which separated her from her Antonio.

The writer was Dolores — the same Dolores.

Emilio Bonpadre read the letter carefully. Then he shook hands with Antonio Sclapio, and said:

"Yours the happiness; mine — forgetfulness."

That night at 9 o'clock Emilio jumped into the sea, and though the Koenig Albert stopped and lowered boats, he could not be found.

Antonio now goes to Xichocopian to wed his Dolores.

One Dose Will Make You Forget

That You Ever Had

Stomach Trouble!

Before Taking

Next morning-after taking MAYR'S Wonderful Stomach Remedy

$1.00 Bottle FREE

TO PROVE THE CURATIVE POWERS OF MAYR'S WONDERFUL STOMACH REMEDY

A Marvelous Remedy for Stomach Trouble, Liver and Intestinal Ailments and Gall Stones

I want you and every other sufferer to test this wonderful Treatment right in your own home at my expense. If you suffer with Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Trouble, Gastritis, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Pressure of Gas Around the Heart, Sour Stomach, Distress After Eating, Nervousness, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Constipation, Congestion and Torpid Liver, Yellow Jaundice, Sick Headache, Appendicitis and Gall Stones, you should not delay, but send for this FREE $1.00 BOTTLE AT ONCE.

Causes of These Ailments

The above ailments are mainly caused by the clogging of the Intestinal tract with mucoid and Catarrhal accretions, backing up poisonous fluids into the stomach, and otherwise deranging the digestive system. I want every sufferer of any of these diseases to test this wonderful treatment. **You are not asked to take this treatment for a week or two before you feel its great benefits** — only one dose is usually required. I say emphatically it is a positive permanent remedy and I will prove it to you if you will allow me to, and I again repeat I will send the complete $1.00 treatment to you **absolueely FREE** so you can try it in your home at my expense.

The Most Eminent Specialists Declare

That a big per cent of the people who suffer from Stomach Trouble are suffering from Gall Stones. I firmly believe that this remedy is the only one in the world that will cure this disease. Sufferers of Stomach and Liver troubles and Gall Stones should not hesitate a moment, but send for this FREE treatment at once.

Thousands in the Valley of Despair

I have watched sick people for years and have reached out my hands to thousands in the great depth of the Valley of Despair and brought them into the light of life and happiness. I want you, and each one suffering to know the full joys of living with every part of your system in beautiful accord and in absolute perfect harmony. This is possible if you will take this wonderful remedy.

Thousands of Sufferers State That They Have Been Cured

You will, like thousands of other skeptics, gladly testify that it has cured you and bless the hour and offer fervent thanks to this great remedy that has brought you back your health.

Pains and Suffering Vanish in a Night

Those horrid griping pains that touch you like a knife—that rob you of all the sweets of happiness—that never seem to leave you. Each morning when you arise means another day of torture and agony—each meal you look forward to with pain and disgust. No matter what you eat you suffer.

Do Away With All of It

I give you by offering you this Free $1.00 bottle a chance to become well—make it possible for you to have a sound and healthy stomach, enable you to eat anything and everything and know that you are going to enjoy it all with the full knowledge that nothing will distress you.

FREE $1.00 COUPON

The full $1.00 bottle will be sent you without delay FREE. Send no money—Simply your name and address on the coupon is all. Mail today. Write plain.

GEO. H. MAYR, Mfg. Chemist,
614 Mayr Bldg., 156 Whiting St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me quickly Absolutely Free, the $1.00 treatment of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy. Neither I nor any member of my family has ever requested the Free bottle from you before.

Name ....
Address ....
City ....
County ....State..............Express Office..........

DON'T DESPAIR BEFORE YOU HAVE TRIED THIS FREE BOTTLE ☞

This Remedy Has Conquered the Most Severe Cases of Stomach Trouble in a Single Night

Don't suffer any longer with Stomach trouble, don't give up hope of ever being cured. If other treatments have failed and you feel disheartened, don't allow it to discourage you from sending for this Free Bottle. Don't say to yourself that it will not help you, before you have tried it, as it costs you nothing to take this wonderful remedy and judge for yourself its marvelous powers.

Read These Letters From Grateful People

Are they not convincing? I have thousands of such letters in my office and I receive many of them every day in my mail. From Statesmen, Congressmen, Educators, Judge of Supreme Court, Prominent Professional and Business Men, Doctors, Nurses, Railroad Men, Farmers, Mechanics—and in fact men and women in all walks of life, who state that this Great Remedy has cured them and saved their lives.

I will give $1,000.00 in gold to any Charity if these letters of praise regarding my Remedy are not genuine letters from sufferers.

Had to Give Up Farming on Account of His Stomach

Geo. H. Mayr, CHANDLER, OKLA.

I want to thank you for your Wonderful Stomach Remedy. I was in poor state of health when I wrote you for the treatment. My breath would get short, I wouldn't walk much, my joints were stiff and I could not eat much, but now I can eat everything. I had to give up farming because I was unable to do much walking, but since I have taken your remedy I feel like a new man. I am 56 years old and I feel better than I have felt for years. I cannot praise your Remedy too highly.

Very truly yours,
P. O. Box 193. CHAS. B. SNEAD.

Her Friends Surprised How Well She Looks.

Geo. H. Mayr, SPOONER, WIS.

I must let you know what your Wonderful Stomach Remedy has done for me. I can say I am cured. I eat everything. My friends are surprised how different and well I look, they hardly believe that your treatment did it. I had a friend staying with me at the time I took your medicine and she says its wonderful what it did for me. Pretty near every lady I talk to wants your address. I do not know what I would have done if I had not seen your ad; I feel as if I could not have lived.

Yours very truly,
MRS. F. C. PASCHKE, R. R. NO. 1.

Feels Like a New Man.

Geo. H. Mayr, HARTSBURG, MO.

I have taken a course of your medicine and feel like a new man and I think it is the best in the world. If my name would do you any good use it.

Yours very truly
W. G. COOK.

Passed Three Hundred Gall Stones.

Geo. H. Mayr, Greenwood, S. C., 511 Oak St.

Please pardon me for not writing sooner. I find that your medicine can be obtained in our city. Including the bottle you sent me I have taken five bottles. It is the most wonderful medicine I have ever taken though mild in its work. I have been relieved of about 300 Gall Stones and feel better than I have felt for many years.

Very truly yours,
MRS. J. W. J. BURNETT.

Never Expected to Leave Her Room Alive.

Geo. H. Mayr, JONESVILLE, MICH.

Your Stomach and Tonic Remedy is certainly wonderful. My husband and I have just finished the course and I can say much for what it has done for us. We feel so thankful to know that this Remedy will help such awful Stomach trouble and will relieve one so quickly. I wish you could see the change.

I have not been out of my room since last August, ill with heart failure. I have given up hopes to ever leave it alive, and after two courses of your Stomach Remedy and one bottle of your Tonic I am now able to go to the table for my meals and have taken a mile ride in an automobile and have gained three pounds of flesh. I sleep like a child.

Yours very truly,
MRS. DORA HERGERT.

Doctors Said She Would Not Live Long.

Geo. H. Mayr, ROCKFORD, N. C.

My wife is well and she feels better than she has for five years. I thought she was going to die at once; the doctor said she would not live long. The surgeon in the hospital told her she was not strong enough to stand an operation, she came back home thinking that she would not live long. I saw your advertisement in the papers and I sat down and ordered a free trial treatment at once. In about eight days from date of ordering the medicine she is now completely well. We are grateful for your Remedy I will recommend it as long as I live.

Sincerly yours, SANFORD STANLEY.

Suffered for Years With Stomach Trouble and Gall Stones.

Geo. H. Mayr, KANE, PA.

I have taken all my medicine and I thank you many times for what it has done for me. I only took two doses and passed over 300 Gall Stones. I am feeling better than I have felt for years. Some of them were as large as a pea and some as large as an English walnut, hundred of small ones.

I am thankful that I learned of your wonderful medicine. I suffered for years with stomach trouble and Gall Stones and only got temporary relief. The doctors would tell me that I could not get well until I would go through an operation and that worried me. Many thanks to you and your dear good medicine.

Sincerely yours,
MRS. E. PETERS.

One Dose Should Make You Feel Better Than You Have Felt in Years

Hundreds, yes thousands upon thousands of people who have taken this remarkable remedy have written to me that they have not felt so well in years—and one dose alone has often accomplished wonderful results.

I Must Have Great Faith in My Stomach Remedy

to say to you and every sufferer of Stomach ailments **Try but one dose**—take it the day you receive it and if you do not say with a glad heart that it made you feel better and greatly improved your health the next morning you will be one of the few cases that come under my observation where this great remedy has failed. **Mind you the benefit of this medicine is an entirely natural one as this remedy contains no stimulants, opiates or any poisonous ingredients whatever. I guarantee this under the Pure Food and Drug Act, Serial No. 25793.**

This Medicine Has Been Successfully Taken by Children of Nine Years of Age and Old People of Eighty-Eight Years and Will Not Harm You in Any Way.

Operations For Stomach Trouble Are Often Fatal

How many have gone to their graves due to an operation for their Stomach ailments? How many more will go that way? Heed this warning before it is too late. Do not permit a dangerous operation until you have tried all other means to cure your ailment and you have tried one bottle of Mayr's Wonderful Stomach Remedy. I believe it is possible to cure the most chronic case of **Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments and Symptoms of Gall Stones.**

One dose quickly eliminates the poisonous accretions that have been accumulating in your system for years. Rid your Stomach of all of this and you will feel better at once.

MAYR'S
WONDERFUL
STOMACH REMEDY
For All Stomach, Liver, Intestinal Ailments & Gall Stones.

EXACT PHOTOGRAPH—actual size of Poisonous Catarrhal Mucoid and Bile Accretions removed by my remedy. They are the cause of almost all Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments.

Sudden Death Due to Acute Indigestion

How often you read in the daily press of some prominent personage who had been apparently enjoying the best of health, stricken by what the physicians term Acute Indigestion. Many sudden deaths are caused by the pressure of gas around the heart due to indigestion. The fatal warning comes frequently when least expected. Thousands upon thousands of people, in all walks of life, have been called by the Grim Reaper—whose lives undoubtedly could have been saved by taking this Great Remedy.

My Last Words To You

Send for the **FREE $1.00 bottle today.** I don't care how long you have suffered, or how severe your case may be, I am confident that My Wonderful and Harmless Remedy will entirely and quickly restore you to perfect health without any ill effect.

Often Sufferers of Stomach, Liver and Intestinal Ailments or Gall Stones are told they have Cancer of the Stomach and other rare diseases, which quite often is not the case.

Is it not worth a postage stamp to write and request this Free Bottle when it means so much in health and happiness to you? Delays are dangerous, as by neglecting your ailment you only grow worse and your suffering increases. **Better send for the Free Bottle today.**

Fill out this Free Coupon now and mail to me ☞

GEO. H. MAYR, (Mfg. Chemist) 614 Mayr Building
156 Whiting Street **Chicago, Ill.**

Manufactured and Guaranteed by
GEORGE H. MAYR
MANUFACTURING CHEMIST
154-156 Whiting St., CHICAGO, ILL.
Under the Pure Food and Drugs Act.
June 30, 1906 Serial No. 25793

Here is the Lightest, Strongest, and Handsomest, Repeating Shotgun made

THE NEW WINCHESTER

MODEL 1912, 20 GAUGE TAKE-DOWN

Hammerless Repeating Shotgun

It weighs only 5¾ pounds, yet it is the strongest repeating shotgun on the market, all metal parts throughout being made of Nickel Steel. It exhibits a grace of outline and perfection of detail and finish unapproached by repeating guns of other makes. It is free from unsightly screws and pins to collect rust and dust and work loose; and its solid breech, closed at the rear, gives it extreme safety. In operation, it works with an ease and smoothness unknown in guns of other makes. It is simple to load and unload, and simple to take down; being separated into two parts easily and quickly without tools. In shooting qualities, it is fully up to the established Winchester standard, which has no superior.

Ask your dealer to show you one, or send to Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., for handsome, illustrated circular describing it.

A 20-GAUGE GUN FROM BUTT TO MUZZLE

ROOSEVELT SUES; CHARGES LIBEL IN MICHIGAN PAPER

New York, Oct. 26.—Suit for $10,000 for libel was filed yesterday by a Detroit attorney, acting for Theodore Roosevelt, against George A. Newett, editor of the Iron Ore of Ishpeming, Mich. The pracipe alleges libel in that Newett printed an article in his paper charging that Col. Roosevelt was intemperate in the use of language and liquor.

That the charges over which the Michigan suit was filed constituted the culmination of "an insidious campaign of slander" against Col. Roosevelt, declares the Progressive national committee.

"Knowing the cruel falsity of this charge," the statement says, "those who have been interested in circulating it have proceeded under cover and in the dark. No respectable person of responsibility, so far as he is known to Col. Roosevelt and his friends, has dared to make this charge in an open and responsible way until Mr. Newett made it in his paper.

"On Monday, October 14, the day he was shot, Col. Roosevelt was in Chicago preparing to go to Milwaukee, when a copy of the paper was put in his hands. Upon reading the article, Col. Roosevelt gave directions to proceed against Mr. Newett at once.

"Col. Roosevelt, however, in taking this action, is not seeking to recover money damages, and the amount asked in the suit is therefore fixed at a nominal sum."

The statement added that the action was begun because, by the publication in question, "Mr. Newett has furnished the first opportunity that Col. Roosevelt or his friends have been able to find for the prompt and authoritative disproof" of the charges.

WANTS GIRL SOLDIERS

Berlin, Oct. 25.—Prof. Dr. Witzel, of Dusseldorf, advocates compulsory military service for German girls. An army of nurses should, in his opinion, follow each army of male combatants, not only to care for the wounded, but to attend to everything connected with food and clothing. Every healthy German girl, says the professor, should look on training for this object as a patriotic duty.

SENATOR DIXON SEES VICTORY

Progressive Manager Claims 287 Electoral Votes for Roosevelt.

Chicago, Oct. 28.—Theodore Roosevelt's election is confidently predicted in a comprehensive forecast issued yesterday by Senator Joseph M. Dixon, chairman of the Progressive national committee.

Senator Dixon figures the colonel will receive a popular vote of 6,117,000, as against 5,649,000 for Wilson, 2,564,000 for Taft, 851,000 for Debs, and 250,000 for Chafin. He estimates the Roosevelt-Johnson ticket will win 287 electoral votes, 21 more than a majority.

Landslides for Roosevelt are certain in industrial centers, the senator says. He placed Illinois and Pennsylvania in the Roosevelt column, however, and said New York is hanging in the balance.

Two Preceding Elections.

"In the Presidential election eight years ago Roosevelt received a popular plurality of 2,545,000 votes, the largest plurality ever received. There were cast four years ago for President, 14,888,442 votes. The Republican candidate received 7,768,908; the Democrat candidate, 6,409,104; the Socialist, 420,793; the Prohibition, 252,840; scattering, 125,797.

"Taking the average increase in the voting strength of the nation, there should be cast this election about 15,300,000 votes.

"The Socialist vote will be largely increased over four years ago. I believe Debs will receive approximately 900,000.

Industrial Centers for Roosevelt.

"The social and industrial justice planks of the Progressive platform have appealed mightily to the wage workers of the nation. Roosevelt and Johnson will carry all the big industrial centers by a landslide plurality.

"Knowing Taft will be a bad third 'n the race, many reactionary Republicans, in the hope of defeating Roosevelt, will cast their votes for Wilson. Based on careful inquiry to our local leaders, I estimate 10 per cent of the Taft vote of four years ago will go to Wilson. Roosevelt will receive on an average 60 per cent of the normal Republican vote. In some localities it will go as high as 75 per cent, as in California, Kansas, Idaho, Maine, portions of Michigan, Indiana and Illinois.

"The 7,679,000 votes cast for Taft in 1908 will be cast approximately as follows:

Roosevelt, 60 per cent	4,607,400
Wilson, 10 per cent	767,900
Taft, 30 per cent	2,303,700

"Of the 6,409,000 votes cast for Bryan in 1908, approximately 1,000,000 were cast by the so-called 'foreign vote.' Wilson will lose at least 80 per cent of this vote—amounting to a loss of 800,000—which will go:

Roosevelt, 60 per cent	480,000
Taft, 25 per cent	200,000
Debs, 15 per cent	120,000

See Gain in Labor Vote.

"This reduces the Democratic vote of 1908 to 5,609,000. Wilson will lose of that remaining vote not less than 500,000 so called 'labor votes.' This vote of 500,000, estimate, will be largely divided between Roosevelt and Debs. Taft will get none of it.

Roosevelt will receive	250,000
Debs will receive	250,000

"The loss of 500,000 labor votes to Wilson will reduce further the Bryan vote of four years ago to 5,109,000. Of this strictly Democratic vote I believe Roosevelt will receive at least 80 per cent, or approximately 408,000 votes, reducing the strictly simon pure Democratic vote of four years ago to 4,701,000.

"Of the 600,000 'first voters'' vote, I believe conservatively, Roosevelt will get 50 per cent, or 300,000; Wilson will get 30 per cent, or 180,000; Taft will get 10 per cent, or 60,000, and Debs will get 10 per cent, or 60,000.

Results Shown by Totals.

"These totals added give the following results:

ROOSEVELT.	
Republican vote	4,679,000
Foreign vote	480,000
Labor vote	250,000
Democratic vote	408,000
First voters' vote	300,000
Total	6,117,000
WILSON.	
Bryan Democratic vote	4,701,000
Taft Republican vote	767,000
First voters' vote	180,000
Total	5,649,000
TAFT.	
Republican vote	2,300,000
Foreign vote	200,000
First voters' vote	60,000
Total	2,560,000
DEBS.	
Socialist vote 1908	421,000
Labor vote	250,000
Foreign vote	120,000
Forst voters' vote	60,000
Total	851,000

"The Prohibition ticket will not receive a larger vote than was polled four years ago, when it approximated 250,000.

"It looks now as if Roosevelt will receive at least 287 electoral votes, 266 being a majority."

SHERMAN SERIOUSLY ILL

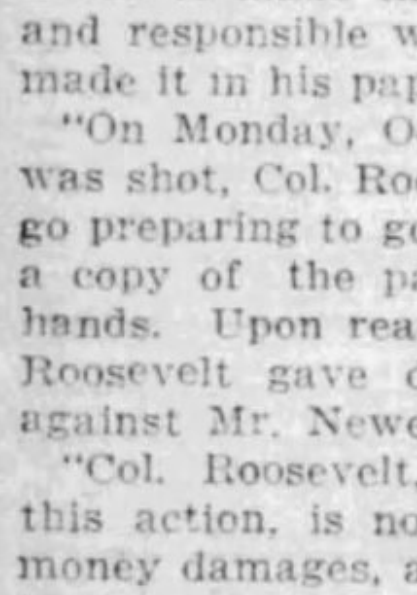
Vice President Realizes Precarious Nature of Illness.

Utica, N. Y., Oct. 28.—Alarming rumors regarding the condition of Vice President Sherman influenced his physician, Dr. F. N. Peck, to issue the following bulletin today:

"Vice President Sherman is a very ill man, although the reports in circulation during the night were greatly exaggerated. Mr. Sherman was sitting up yesterday, and he walked about the house from room to room. His condition is bad, it is true, but I do not apprehend any immediate crisis."

Close friends of Mr. Sherman admit that his condition is very serious and that he has had sinking spells at times during the summer. It was stated today that he was slightly improved, but Dr. Peck nevertheless was in frequent telephone consultation with Dr. Theodore C. Janeway, of New York.

The vice president realizes the precarious nature of his illness and some time ago agreed not to undertake any campaign work or other duties that would tax his strength.



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TURKS RETREAT BEFORE BULGARS

Montenegrins Cut Supplies From Enemy—Adrianople Holds Out.

Vienna, Austria, Oct. 29.—The Montenegrin troops have cut off supplies from the Turkish forces in Scutari where provisions were scarce already, according to a dispatch to the Reichspost from Scutari by way of Alessio.

The Montenegrins occupy the heights of Busate Rogame and Caztani, all of which overlook Scutari, and they have entrenched themselves there with a strong force of artillery.

The Malissori tribesmen again attacked the Turks to the east of Scutari on Friday, but were repulsed after 10 hours' fighting.

The Turkish commander at Scutari is trying to induce the Mirdito tribesmen to attack the Montenegrin troops from the south, so that the road to the port of Alessio could be used as a line of retreat for the Turkish army in case of necessity.

London, Oct. 29.—The Turko-Bulgarian fighting line extends today from Adrianople nearly to the Black Sea, with fierce fighting reported and both sides claiming the advantage.

The same general engagement has been raging s'nce Wednesday, with fighting sometimes at one point and at other times at another, but it is really an engagement extending along a great front of more than 100 miles.

Although no official lists of the casualties has been published by any of the parties in the great conflict, advices from various sources tend to place the number of killed and wounded at more than 25,000.

Adrianople, in desperate plight, is still holding out, with operations against it hampered by heavy rains. The situation for the inhabitants of the beleaguered city was rendered more critical through the capture by Bulgarians late yesterday in the vicinity of Eskibaba of a military train carrying troops and supplies from Constantinople to Adrianople. This move gives the Balkan allies control of the Oriental railroad and effectually shuts off Adrianople from any relief unless the Turks by some master stroke again regain possession of the line. The Turks after the loss of the train retreated in the direction of Constantinople.

Other victories of the Bulgarians yesterday were the capture of Bunarhissar, 22 miles from Kirk-Elisseh and Kresua, which is situated in the valley of the Struma. The capture of Scutari, which was reported from Vienna late Saturday, was partly confirmed today in a dispatch from Rome. Hundreds of buildings in Scutari were reported in flames at the last advices as a result of the Montenegrins' cannonade.

The Montenegrins seized the town of Plevlia, in the Sanjak of Novipazar near the Bosnian border, at noon today.

The Bulgarians are marching on Kuleli Burgas, at the junction of Adrianople-Salonica railway. Four thousand Macedonian volunteers have started for the front after a short military training.

The Servians are now in possession of virtually the whole of old Servia and in conjunction with the Montenegrine hold the best part of the district of Novipazar. The Servian columns are also in control of the Turkish railroad from Mitrovitza, its northern terminus, down to Uskup, and are close on the heels of the defeated Turkish army, which is retreating in the direction of Veles.

TRY TO KILL A CANDIDATE

Cubans Fire on Man Who Would Be President.

Havana, Oct. 25.—An attempt was made today to assassinate Gen. Menocal, the Conservative candidate for president of Cuba. The attempt was made as the general's special train was entering the depot at Sabanilla, the shots being fired from rifles.

Several members of the general's party ran out on the platform of the general's car with drawn revolvers, but the rural guards interfered and prevented bloodshed. Gen. Menocal restrained the Conservatives from seeking revenge and quiet was soon restored.

One bullet struck the step on which the general stood.

BIG CAMPAIGN FUNDS

Democrats Had More Money Than Republicans.

Washington, Oct. 26.—Publicity of campaign contributions to political parties prior to the election discloses the interesting fact that the Democrats have a larger war chest this year than their old opponents, the G. O. P., and also a considerably larger fund than the third party, the Progressives.

Contributions to the Democratic fund, made public last night, totaled $678,364. The Republican statement, filed this morning with the clerk of the house of representatives, shows receipts of $591,032, while the figures announced Thursday by the Progressive campaign committee were $304,244.

Charles P. Taft, brother of the President, appeared as the largest contributor to the Republican fund. The report shows that he gave $50,000 in two $25,000 contributions to the New York headquarters and $6,000 to the Chicago headquarters, making a total of $56,000. Francis L. Leland, of New York, was second with one $20,000 contribution and another $30,000 contribution both to the New York headquarters. The third largest contributor was Andrew Carnegie, with one $25,000 contribution and an additional one of $10,000.

J. P. Morgan & Co. is credited with contributing $25,000; George F. Baker, of New York, $10,000; William Nelson Cromwell, $10,000, and Harry M. Moore, of Chicago, $10,000.

The Democratic Fund.

Contributions to the presidential campaign fund of the Democratic party this year totalled $678,364, according to the sworn statement of Treasurer Rolla G. Wells, of St. Louis.

All told 53,303 contributions were received by Mr. Wells, and of these, 52,246 were for amounts of $100 or less. Governor Wilson, the nominee, gave $500.

Herman Ridder, of New York, appears as the largest single contributor, with $28,825. Judge J. W. Gerard, of New York, gave the next largest amount, $13,000. Charles R. Crane, of Chicago, and Jacob H. Schiff, of New York, each contributed $10,000, in two payments of $5,000 each. Samuel Undermeyer, of New York, gave $10,000, as did Frederick C. Penfield, of Germantown, Pa., and Henry Goldman and Henry Morganthau, of New York.

Among those who contributed $5,000 were Cleveland H. Dodge, of New York; Rolla C. Wells, of St. Louis, treasurer of the committee; Hugh Wallace, of Tacoma, Wash.; Charles R. Smith, of Menasha, Wis.; C. A. Spreckles, of New York; J. C. C. Mayo, of Painesville, Ky.; Senator Watson, of West Virginia; Roger C. Sullivan, of Chicago; Nathan Straus, of New York, and former Senator Clark, of Montana.

FIVE BIG PAPERS $1.60.

The Weekly Blade, Twice-a-Week Republic of St. Louis, the oldest, biggest and best semi-weekly in the U. S.; Farm Progress, the biggest semi-monthly farm paper printed; Woman's World, a fine illustrated woman's monthly magazine—all four 1 year each each and a five-year subscription to Philadelphia Farm Journal, the world's greatest monthly farm paper, will be sent to any address for $1.60. All orders must be sent to St. Louis Republic, St. Louis, Mo. Advertisement.

DOMINICAN REBELS WINNING

Washington, Oct. 25.—Dominican rebels have secured control over practically all of the province of Samana on the north coast of the republic, according to dispatches received at the state department today. It is reported that the rebels have bombarded the town of Samana at the head of the bay. They have also captured Sanchezand Sabana de Mer. The naval transport Prairie, with 750 marines aboard, has gone to Samana Bay to investigate. The marines will be landed, if necessary, for the protection of American interests.

The state department also learned today that fighting has taken place in the streets of Puerto Plata. There have been many casualties in these skirmishes. A general attack upon the city by rebels is believed to have taken place, though the means of communication with Puerto Plata are so uncertain that nothing is known definitely beyond the fact that an attack was planned.

PEOPLE OPPOSE DEATH FOR DIAZ

Efforts to Save Life of Rebel General May Circumvent Court Decision.

Mexico City, Oct. 28.—Gen. Felix Diaz, leader of the revolution recently inaugurated in Vera Cruz, and three of his confederates have been sentenced to death by the court-martial before which they were tried in that city. The finding of the military court was announced in Vera Cruz yesterday.

Has Another Choice.

At the same time word of the verdict against Diaz was received came the report that the military court had decided to recognize the order of suspension of sentence upon the revolutionary leader, granted by the supreme court, pending investigation as to whether the trial of Diaz should be by military or civil court. Popular apprehension regarding the fate of Diaz has not been greatly allayed, however, by this fact.

Efforts to save the lives of the rebel leaders, especially that of Diaz, continue unabated. Prominent women, men high in affairs,, members of congress and even high army officers have appealed to President Madero for clemency. But to all he has given the same negative ansewr. To a group of women he intimated that to show clemency would be construed by the world as an indication of weakness. He cited ts an example that when he captured Juarez he pardoned Gen. Navarro, which action the world attributed to weakness instead of to magnanimity.

People in Protest.

The popular voice of protest has grown so strong against the execution of Diaz that there has arisen between the president and senate a sharp discord, and as individuals the senators have seriously discussed the question of impeachment because of the administration's defiance of that body's interpellation Friday. That the senate will take this step, however, is not considered probably for many reasons, one of them being the question of succession.

That the quick suppression of the Diaz revolt has shown governmental strength is conceded in the capital, but that the situation generally has been improved is a matter of doubt.

Moonlight Duel Thrills Opposing Armies on Field

Paris, Oct. 26.—News of a moonlight duel between two officers while their opposing armies waited, one of the most dramatic episodes of the Balkan war, is telegraphed by a correspondent with the Montenegrins. He says:

"I saw a young Turkish officer in the hospital at Rieka who had been chopped almost to pieces by saber cuts. His forehead was split open, his throat cut and there were deep cuts on his breast and arms.

"He was a young man who had been in command of an outpost before Tarakosh. He had ridden out from the ranks and defied the Montenegrins, calling upon the bravest of them to come out and fight him in single combat.

"A veteran, an old soldier, with white hair, rode out and accepted the challenge and the two men fought in the light of the moon while the troops stopped their fighting to witness the combat.

"The Montenegrin officer was wounded first, suffering a cut in the shoulder.

"He fought on in desperation, as did the Turk, and the latter fell at last blinded by his own blood. His enemy jumped from his horse, cleaned the Turk's wounds and called for help. The wounded Turk was given medical attention and sent to Rieka.

"The Turk knows he cannot live much longer. Yesterday, when he heard the thunder of cannon from the direction of Tarakosh, he said in the hearing of the doctor:

"Please, Allah, may the bullets spare my adversary, for he is too brave a man to die otherwise than by the sword!"

GUARD FOR ROOSEVELT

Another Crank Attempts to Reach Ex-President.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Oct. 26.—On account of a number of threatening letters received by Col. Roosevelt and the presence in Oyster Bay of a stranger who attempted to make his way into the colonel's house, steps were taken last night to guard the life of the ex-president. A tentative decision was reached to engage one or two men to protect Col. Roosevelt during the remainder of the campaign and for a time thereafter, if the colonel has not improved sufficiently by election day to be able to defend himself.

Col. Roosevelt's condition continued to improve today and his physicians said that he would be able to speak at the Madison Square Garden meeting on Wednesday night, if no unforeseen complications arise. But they said he would be unable to do any further campaigning.

The man who attempted to see Col. Roosevelt arrived in Oyster Bay yesterday afternoon, and set out on foot for Sagamore Hill. He was met at the door by the colonel's secretary, and insisted that he must see the ex-president, although told that no visitors were being received.

He was a tall, well dressed man, with a flowing black moustache and a sombrero which gave him the appearance of a westerner. He would give no reason for asking to see Col. Roosevelt, but persisted in his demands until he was cut off sharply and told to leave Sagamore Hill. He then ask to see Mrs. Roosevelt. The colonel's secretary finally percuaded him that it was useless and he went away.

There was nothing about the man's manner to suggest that he would attempt violence and he was described by those who saw him as being apparently harmless.

The attempt on Col. Roosevelt's life was said by Dr. George W. Faller, of Oyster Bay, one of the colonel's physicians, to have stirred up "cranks," and to be responsible for the letters which Col. Roosevelt has received.

HEARS CHURCH BELLS AFTER LONG DEAFNESS

For the first time in years, this good lady, who has been deaf, hears the church bells. She is in ecstacy. Only this morning has she been able to hear the prattle of her grandchildren and the voice of her daughter. Twenty-three years ago she first found herself becoming deaf, and, despite numerous remedies, medical advice, hearing devices and specialists' treatments, she found it more and more difficult to hear. Of late years she was harassed by peculiar noises in the head, which added to her misery. At last she was told of a book which explains how to regain perfect hearing without costly apparatus or drugs. She got this book and learned how to quickly become freed from deafness and head noises. Observe her delight in this hypothetical illustration! Any reader of The Blade who desires to obtain one of these books can do so free of cost by merely writing to the author, Dr. George E. Coutant, 175 E, Station E, New York, N. Y. He will be pleased to mail it promptly, postpaid, to any one whose hearing is not good. This offer will bring joy to many homes.

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BIG MONEY in the Mail Order Business. Experience unnecessary. We furnish everything. Small capital. Keith, 750 Central Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

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500 MEN 20 to 40 years old wanted at once for electric railway motormen and conductors; $60 to $100 a month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank. Address Box 500, care of Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

BE AN EXPERT Detective and Investigator. Many waiting positions at big pay. Stamp for particulars. National Detective Agency, Dept. B 39, Chicago.

$50.00 to $100.00 A MONTH For spare time—Experience not needed. Want active man each locality. Introduce us to friends. Benefits for sickness, injury, death. Write for Cash-Bonus offer. The I-L-U 749, Covington, Ky.

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BIG MONEY WRITING SONGS. Hundreds of dollars have been made by successful writers. WE PAY 50 per cent of profits if successful. Send us your original Poems, Songs or Melodies today, or write for Free Particulars. Dugdale Co., Dept. 209, Washington, D. C.

Men and women wanted for government positions; $90 month; annual vacations; short hours; no 'layoffs;' common education sufficient. Over 12,000 appointments coming. Influence unnecessary. Farmers eligible. Send postal immediately for free list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. G-32, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

$2.50 PER DAY paid man or woman in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated flavoring in tubes. J. S. Ziegler Co., 443 X Dearborn Street, Chicago.

AGENTS—We want a man or woman in each town and city to do special advertising and will pay $2.00 per day or 20c per hour to those who have spare time. The work is easy and pleasant. We pay 40% extra commission on sales. Experienced canvassers can make $5.00 or more daily profit. Best Mfg. Co., 89 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

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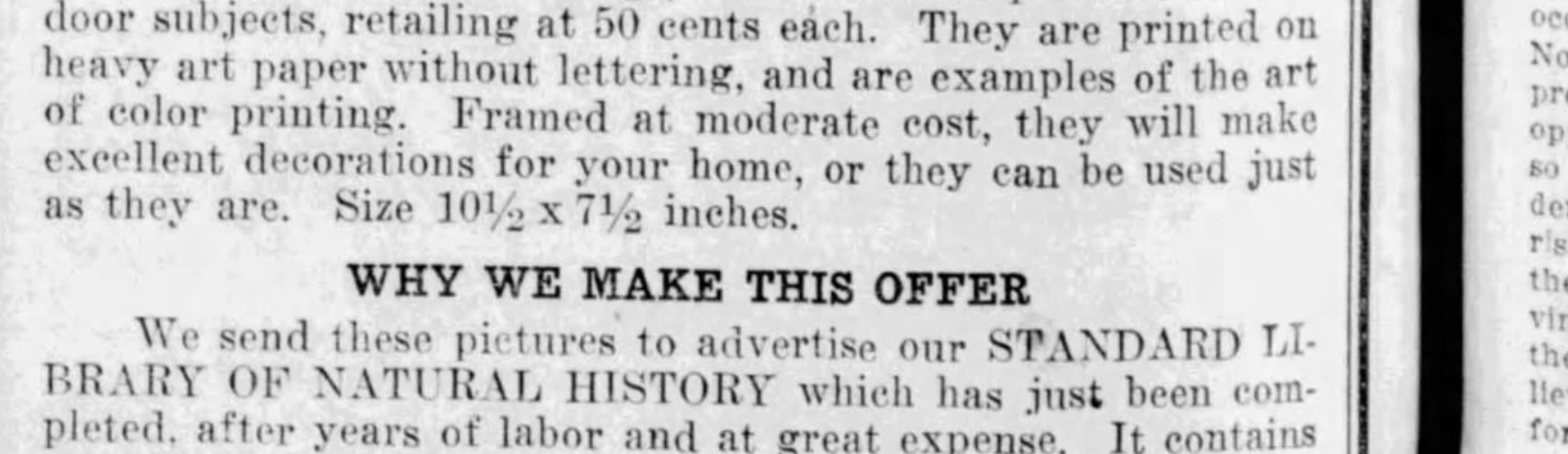

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